

From the North British Review.

1. *The Life and Times of John Calvin, the great Reformer, translated from the German of Paul Henry, D. D., Minister and Seminary Inspector in Berlin.* By HENRY STEBBING, D. D., F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. London; 1849.
2. *The Life of John Calvin, compiled from authentic sources, and particularly from his Correspondence.* By THOMAS H. DYER. 8vo. London, 1850.
3. *The Calvin Translation Society's Publications, 8vo. 1843-1849. Commentary on the Romans, 1 vol. Tracts on the Reformation, &c., 2 vols. Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, 2 vols. Institutes of the Christian Religion, 3 vols. The Harmony of the Evangelists, 3 vols. Commentary on the Book of Psalms, 5 vols. Commentary on the Twelve Minor Prophets, 5 vols. Commentary on the Gospel by St. John, 2 vols. Commentary on the Book of Genesis, vol. 1. Commentary on the Epistle to the Corinthians, 2 vols. Commentary on the Prophecies of Ezekiel, vol. 1. Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, (New Translation,) 1 vol.*
4. *Histoire de la Vie, des Ecrits, et des Doctrines de Calvin.* Par M. AUDIN. Seconde Edition. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1844.

OURS is preëminently an age of resuscitation and revival. Its characteristic is not so much the discovery of the new as the restoration of the old, both as regards principles and facts. There is, perhaps, less of the inventive faculty, but there is more of the industrial, the elucidative, or the perfective; and this peculiarity appears in every department of man's pursuits. Layard, for example, has disinterred a city. By his wondrous discoveries he has connected the present with three thousand years ago, and that so closely, that that vast epoch is almost blotted out. It is no effort of fancy, but a prosaic fact, that we can now walk among the halls of the palaces of Nineveh just as the last of its monarchs did before they forsook them, and gaze on their thrones, their deities, and mural decorations, very much as these monarchs would do ere the proud city had crumbled before the conqueror. Egypt and its temples, Etruria and its subterranean cities, have been illuminated in a similar style; and we are now as familiar with men who lived, and epochs which passed away, a thousand years before Athens or Rome was founded, as we are with the events of the modern historical eras. What was conjecture once is history now, and the last resurrection of all has become by some degrees less incredible.

The same thing has happened in regard to certain of our great historical characters. They also have long been buried beneath ignorance, or prejudice, or superstition; but, in recent times, friendly

hands have been held out to disencumber their memories of all that ignorance or aversion had piled above them, and present them to us as God-sent men, fulfilling high destinies, and forming, by their lives and actions, important eras in the world's history—the grand evolutions of the purposes of him who rules unchallengeable over all. Oliver Cromwell, who had been historically pilloried by Hume and others incompetent to understand his inner life, has, in our time, found one capable to some extent of comprehending the strength of the Protector's convictions, and the magnificence of his sweeping and catholic aims. We rejoice that we can add that a similar work has been performed on behalf of the reformer, Calvin; and that at length tardy but substantial justice has been done to his great memory and name. Of nearly all the biographies of Calvin but that to which we are about to allude, we may remark, as was done regarding a certain life of Voltaire—"Ou l'on confute Condorcet et autres biographes en plus de deux cents faits."

Many reasons might be assigned why the great French reformer should have been so long neglected, or regarded only with contumely and hatred. The leading features of his profound theological system, so humbling to man, and so diverse from man's superficial philosophy; the asperity with which the Calvinistic controversy has so often been carried on from Calvin's age till ours; the extravagance which characterized some of his pretended followers in the seventeenth century; his alleged political principles; his vehement invectives against his opponents; and, to crown the whole, his implication in the death of Michael Servetus, all tended to obscure his memory, and furnish excuses to the world for assailing him with ribaldry or rancor. Various attempts have been made to roll back these assaults, and present him to the churches in his real lineaments and character; but, till recent times, all these efforts have failed. Calvin was one of those men who could not but be either intensely loved, or as intensely hated; and his biographies, in as far as they deserved the name, were consequently either somewhat tumid eulogiums, or the embodiments of malignity and theological antagonism. At length, however, historical justice begins to be done to Calvin. For a quarter of a century, or more, the opinions of thinking and impartial men have been slowly undergoing a change regarding him and his system. Tholuck and others on the continent have combined with Bishop Horsley, Dr. McCrie, and others in our island, to promote this revolution. The circulation of some of Calvin's *Opuscula* translated, has drawn attention still more closely to him; and now, none but the bit-

terly hostile, or the profoundly ignorant, can be found to vituperate as of old, to *reëcho*, in short, the language of the courtly dames of his day, whose licentiousness he curbed, and who were wont hysterically to exclaim—"Do not speak to us of Calvin—he is a monster." Even a portion of the Lutheran Church, which long execrated him as the supposed antagonist of their idolized reformer, is mollified now, and a general concord regarding the Swiss divine is restored among the judicious in both sections of the Protestant Church.

Withal, however, nothing very effective had been done to vindicate his memory, and delineate his history, till the *Life of Calvin* by Dr. Paul Henry, of Berlin, appeared; and it, to a large extent, supplies the desideratum. Dr. Henry is highly qualified, both by country and acquirements, for the work which he has accomplished. Penetrated by a sense of Calvin's true greatness, and capable of estimating his character from the only right view-point—that which a living faith supplies—this biographer has devoted about twenty years to the work before us. He has appealed to every library and every source whence information could be derived; and now lays the results of these inquiries, and of a careful scrutiny of Calvin's works, published and in MS., before the churches. Amid intense admiration for the reformer, Dr. Henry is not blind to the blemishes that attach to him; while he delineates his character, and records his efforts, or explains his deep principles, it is done with an honesty of purpose which at once secures our assent by its truthfulness, and commands our admiration by its lofty, generous spirit. No doubt the work is much of the German type. There is a redundancy of matter; there are not infrequent repetitions. The plan pursued by the biographer, of recording Calvin's history according to his controversies, rather than according to chronology, necessitated that blemish, and the result is what he himself has called "a ponderous superfluity;" while the long interval which intervened between the commencement and the conclusion of the work, has further marred its symmetry, both as to structure and to style. To the careful student, however, its general plan—moulded on the threefold idea of recording, *first*, the formation of Calvin's creed; *secondly*, the founding of his ecclesiastical system; and, *thirdly*, his resolute efforts to extend it, and preserve it from violation by hostile men—gives a large measure of unity to the whole; and though it does seem strange, after hearing, for example, of Melancthon's death in one section of the book, to find him many pages thereafter still contending for the faith, the general principle once mastered, guides us without confusion through most of these difficulties. The great French reformer is so ubiquitous in the work; he stands so prominently forward amid all that is done, whether well or ill; he is so perfectly the presiding spirit, that we can pardon the plethoric nature of the *Life*, because it guides us further and still further into the principles—the very heart and soul of Calvin. His

individuality is entirely sustained. Our sympathies are strongly attracted to him, whether in suffering or in joy; and the power, the occasional eloquence, the thorough sympathy with Calvin's deepest convictions, indicated by this biographer, all unite in investing his work with attractions which will render it a standard one, in spite of its Germanisms and its mass. Dr. Henry's intimate acquaintance with the present state of religion in Italy, Germany, France, England, and Scotland, imparts other qualifications needed in the biographer of Calvin; and we are constrained to confess, that though the Genevese reformer has had tardy justice, he has had it now in large measure in the work of Dr. Henry.

We do not mean to say that all that it contains is to be admired or approved. The author hopes that the time may come, "when the victory of Christian feeling in the Protestant Church may restore the cross to its place as a symbol; and that not only in sacred edifices, but by the roadside, and on the rocky summit of the mountain, where the wanderer, or the traveller returning to his home, may greet it from afar, and breathe his prayer." We devoutly trust he will be forever disappointed. He complains that the "Protestant Church, in order to uproot abuses, has, alas! banished the memory of the saints from our belief, and this, though we profess in our Confession to acknowledge the Communion of Saints." We as devoutly trust that the saints will be left precisely where they are—in glory; yet, after perusing these and similar sentiments, one is disposed to wonder how he who recorded them could sympathize in the thorough reforms, or admire the penetrating character, of Calvin. But, allowance made for these and similar departures from simple principle, the work before us is one that will form an era in men's opinions regarding Calvin, and enable Christendom, if it will, henceforth to know at once his virtues and his foibles, his indomitable will, his undaunted firmness of purpose, and yet his humane, and gentle, and generous nature. Dr. Stebbing has done well to lay a translation of Henry's *Life of Calvin*, before the British churches, but no merely English scholar will forgive him for withholding the ample appendices. Why should he not forthwith publish them in a separate volume?

The salient points of John Calvin's *Life* may be easily traced. Born at Noyon, in Picardy, on the 10th of July, 1509; he adopted the Reformed doctrines about the year 1530, and published the first edition of his *Institutes* in 1535-6. He was first settled in Geneva in the year 1536, and expelled, along with William Farell, his colleague, by the licentiousness of the Genevese, in 1538. After a residence of about two years at Strasbourg, he was recalled to Geneva, as the only man capable of saving it amid the turbulence and the agitations which raged within the city. There he continued to labor as a reformer, an author, an ecclesiastic, a pastor, and, we may add, a legisla-

tor, till the 27th of May, 1564, when John Calvin died in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

But the events which crowd these years, as brought under our notice by Dr. Henry, deserve a very careful scrutiny. Principles were then working out results which were to bless mankind to all generations, in the hands of men of whom the world was not worthy; and to trace their course may tend at once to evoke our gratitude and direct our steps.

It is as a reformer that John Calvin first claims our study, and Dr. Henry has embodied the right idea of his hero in this respect. His inner life must be thoroughly comprehended ere his mission as a reformer can be correctly understood. The question which he proposed to himself was this—Which is henceforth to rule the world—the old lie or the recovered truth—God's redemption or Satan's counterfeit?—and having answered the question as a right thinker would, he proceeded to embody his conclusion in action. Roused to reflection, and subdued to God by his truth, at the time when Europe was awaking from the stupor of a thousand years—awe-struck yet stimulated by the holocausts of Lutherans immolated at Paris by Francis I., and elsewhere, the whole energies of Calvin were turned to favor spiritual freedom. He had felt what emancipation costs a single soul—for, as he writes to Cardinal Sadolet, his own had struggled hard and long before the fetters of popery were snapt. But external circumstances urged on and consummated the internal struggle. Henry VIII. had written against the Pope. Jacques Lefevre d'Etaples had explained the Scriptures to France—had written commentaries, and published a translation of the Bible. Louis XII. had shown some favor to the Lutherans. Margaret, the sister of Francis I., herself an authoress and a queen, had done still more. The Sorbonne was furious. With eager hostility it threw itself across the channel of the rising tide of reformation, but only to make it rise the higher. Then William Farell, of Gap, arose to rouse awakening minds to a keener pitch of zeal. Then the first martyr, John Le Clerc, perished. Then the hermit of Livry, and a "great cloud" besides, gave momentum to the truth by dying for it. Francis I. was goaded to the fanaticism of rage; and the streets of his capital were not seldom illuminated at his bidding by the fires of the martyrs.

At this stage a man was needed for the regeneration of France, and, in the providence of God, he was found. Calvin's own faith had been cradled amid persecution—insomuch, that he had once to flee by the window of his residence from the myrmidons of the Sorbonne, and lurk in hiding-places, and lead the life of a persecuted wanderer. As he was destined to sustain the drooping, and console the wretched, he must first be trained to familiarity with sorrow. His special commission was to tame and bridle the fiery spirits of that age; and, to fit him for the work, he must pass through an ordeal which would make him

familiar with the secret place of power. The energies of his great mind were thus at once concentrated and matured by the rage of a hot persecution.

And as a reformer, John Calvin was, both by nature and training, rendered uncompromising and fearless. Full of the idea that the truth of God is the only standard, and that men cannot swerve from it without sin, he reckoned the worldly, the prudent, the ambitious sinner an ignoble being, though crowned with a diadem, and wielding a sceptre. Monarchs and menials were, accordingly, tried by the same test, and meted by the same measure. This was his general principle—a principle which he had no difficulty in applying when he beheld, nay, felt the ferocity of Francis. That king had said, with great indignation, that if he knew even one of the members of his own family to be infected with the heretical doctrine, he would cast it from him as fit only for death. Some of Calvin's hearers—for he had now begun to preach—fell victims to this spirit of persecution. The prime executioner in all these things was he whose bravado at Pavia was, "All is lost but honor;" as if that could survive the atrocities of Paris; and, instigated by all these things, Calvin, from the very commencement of his career, was shut up to the necessity of being decided, resolute, fearless as a reformer. The world, which palliates the atrocities or admires the chivalry of the king, calls the reformer harsh and severe; but he felt that emollients would not cure his bleeding country, nor the cry of "Peace, peace," revive the cause of his God.

In the hope of mollifying the king, it is well known that Calvin dedicated to him the first edition of his Institutes. A brief period before, in his first publication, Calvin had tried to appease Francis, by notes on a work on Clemency, by Seneca; but the attempt failed with the King of France, just as the Roman philosopher had failed to soften the truculent Nero;\* and Calvin, therefore, prepared a nobler and more stirring defence. In its preface, especially, the grandeur of the reformer's spirit appears in a style that presages his future ascendancy and power; while he shows how those who are kings and priests unto God are far more lofty and transcendent—mean as they may seem, and persecuted as they may be—than the kings of earth. "He is not a king," the reformer exclaims, "but a tyrant and robber, who does not seek to promote the glory of his God. Miserably is he deceived who hopes to establish the prosperity of an empire which is not governed by the sceptre, that is, by the word, of God." The appeal is fearless—almost stern, but it is the stern-

\* It is interesting to notice Calvin's anxiety about this, his first production. To a friend he says, (1532.) "I would fain entreat you to write to me, and say with what coldness, or with what approbation, the Commentary has been received." Again from Paris, he writes, "I have persuaded certain professors in this city to make the work known. I have induced a friend in the University of Bourges to do this from the chair."—*Henry*, vol. i., p. 34.

ness of high principle—the overflowing of a noble heart bleeding for the woes of its country, and the dishonor done to truth. It was addressed, however, to the deaf; and neither the preface nor the work itself, with all its power, and all its admirable order, and all its irrefutable argument, produced any effect on the King of France. It is not known that he ever read it; and thus a work which, even in its earliest form, was enough to signalize its author at that age of signal men—written though it was at the age of twenty-six, and while the author was often a persecuted fugitive—was cast aside as a worthless thing by him to whom it was addressed. Few of the sons of men know the day of their merciful visitation, and Francis I. was one of that number. Calvin's Institutes have been called "his first and his last work,"—seeing that, through all his eventful career, he never had occasion to change any of the principles which he had adopted when he wrote it;\* and Ovid's boast was more than realized by a stripling, while a homeless refugee—

Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,  
Nec ferrum poterit—nec edax abolere vetustas.

He now began to be recognized as the head of the reformed party in France—and as a reformer, we have said, he was thorough, dauntless, and unsparing. He would countenance nothing as binding on man's soul and conscience that was not warranted by revelation, or clearly deducible from the infallible standard—the Word of God; and starting with that conviction, the true Protestant position, images, saint-worship, tradition—all that entered into that congeries of error which had been piled for ages above the truth—were unsparingly swept away. In many cases he was gentle and genial while discussing some practices of the church, because, though he might not care for them, they were not necessarily opposed to the word of God. But wherever the voice of truth had been uttered, Calvin paused and bowed; and, above all the men that ever lived, he was perhaps the most submissive to the authority, and the most implicit in deference to the word of the Eternal. Biblicism is now the object of aversion to many who would develop Christianity *from within*, instead of deriving it from the eternal mind; but the Bible was to Calvin the exhaustless reservoir out of which his resources flowed—the unchanging standard with which thought, and word, and deed—dogma and duty—the kingdoms of this world and the church on earth, should equally be made to quadrature.

Earnest in thought, (says Dr. Henry, referring to Calvin's ascendancy as a reformer,) scientific, methodical, and endowed with the systematic power of order, possessing no enthusiasm for the outward works of nature, but with ardor enough to plunge into the mysterious depths of the Godhead, thinking clearly on almost every subject, and diffusing

around him a genial light; a sublime piety founded on the deep consciousness of guilt; not a trifling, but an earnest, impressive sentiment; a faith supported by the conclusions of the understanding, and a passionate abhorrence of whatever seemed to obscure the glory of the Lord, were the qualities which distinguished Calvin in the office which he was now called upon to fulfil. His commission, however, was one of peace; he felt himself impelled to endeavor the establishment of a firm reconciliation among all around him; and his anger was only excited when the contending parties would not cultivate peace. Everything serves to prove that he felt it his duty to restrain the petulant, and to keep down with an iron hand the spirit of Antichrist which he saw growing up among the Protestants.—Vol. i., pp. 320, 321.

As a reformer, however, there is one light in which we should specially study the character of Calvin—we mean his love of union. To A' Lasco, the Pole, he wrote:—"Fain would I that all the churches of Christ were so united, that the angels might look down from heaven and add to our glory with their harmony;" and that was the key-note of his life. Separation from all that dishonors God—union to all who fear him, was his watchword. He lamented every schism, and rushed forward to heal it if he could. Is he writing to Cranmer? He projects a noble scheme of Catholic combination, and would have welded into one the churches of France, Scotland, and Germany—so that "to Calvin properly belongs the praise of having shown the way by which unity and entireness might have been attained. Unity in the Holy Ghost was the cherished object of Calvin's will."\* To the same arch-bishop he says, in manifestation of his zeal—

As far as I am concerned, if I can be of any use, I will readily pass over ten seas to effect the object in view. If the welfare of England were concerned, I should regard it as a sufficient reason to act thus. But at present, when our purpose is to unite the sentiments of all good and learned men, and so, according to the rule of Scripture, to bring the separated churches into one, neither trouble nor labor of any kind ought to be spared.—Vol. ii., p. 126.

Or, is he conferring or corresponding with Melancthon? Union is still the burden of his urgency. Is he addressing Bullinger at Zurich? The same topic is uppermost in his mind. Is he unbosoming to his friends, Farell and Viret? The same subject is the theme of many a letter and many a conversation—union, not merely in abstract dogma, but in spirit, in love, and life, was the object of his unceasing efforts and aspirations, and swayed him with the force of a passion all his life. "He readily suffered little variations, and insisted upon freedom of opinion;" and in promoting these ends he labored night and day during the eight-and-twenty years of his ministry at Geneva. Indeed, in pursuing that object the reformer evinced an ever-restless activity. To-day he holds out his hand to England—to-morrow to Austria—anon to

\* The publication of the first edition has given rise to one of the most perfectly vexed questions which the whole history of literature supplies.—See *Henry*, vol. i., p. 70, *et seq.*

\* *Henry*, vol. ii., p. 124.

Poland, to Denmark, to Sweden, as well as his native France and his adopted Switzerland; and when he saw the work of uniting the divided prospering in his hands, his soul was filled with joy. That, we repeat, was one master object of his life; and he could not see it retarded without grief, or advanced without exulting. Even Melancthon, whom he loved and revered, did not escape unwarned when he seemed to favor any measure that might impede the progress of truth. "Vacillation in so great a man," exclaimed Calvin to his friend, "is not to be tolerated. I would a hundred times rather die with you than see you survive a doctrine which you had betrayed."

It is true that his frequent personal quarrels, distinguished as they were for their high-toned acerbity, may seem an exception to this love of unity. They were in truth generally its result. Sebastian Castellio assailed the integrity of Scripture, and would have obscured some of its tenets. Calvin vehemently attacked him as tearing up the common foundations. Jerome Bolsec did the same with the same result. Jacques de Bourgoyne, a good but facile man, and long a favorite of the reformer, harbored some of those who violated the common faith. Calvin withdrew his favor, and cancelled the honor of a dedication previously bestowed on Bourgoyne. Joachim Westphal, a bigoted Lutheran and intense persecutor, had by his influence driven some Poles and other refugees from the land in which he dwelt, and was assailed with tremendous vehemence by Calvin, because he had disgraced the reformed name, and exhibited a hateful sectarianism. Francis Baldouin varied in his religion like the fabled chameleon in its hues. Him also Calvin attacked as the enemy of the one faith. But in all these cases it was because the prospects of union were diminished, and because the friends of confusion were enabled to triumph over the reformed cause, that Calvin launched his mighty thunders against the offenders. We explain, but do not defend, his violence; but it was the earnest love of union among Protestants that nerved him for many a struggle, and steered him through many a weary controversy. Even Bossuet confesses that the Church of Rome was at one time alarmed by the promising success of some of Calvin's harmonizing measures; and not a few of those whom he assailed as schismatics, but who found less discerning minds to shelter and to screen them, subsequently proved by their conduct that Calvin's keen eye had penetrated their mask. Bolsec returned to Popery. Troillet, another antagonist, confessed on his deathbed to Calvin himself that the reformer was right in his advocacy and views. "If the earth rejects us, heaven is open," was one of his maxims; and, cheered by that assurance, his devoted soul moved onward and upward, harmonizing all whom he could influence, and leaving the result, when baffled, to him who sees the end from the beginning. Amid the angry turbulence of that stormy period, it is refreshing to trace the career of one who tried to direct the storm, and at least throw oil upon the

waves, when he could not still them to their depths.

It may be interesting here to glance at the various phases of character which distinguished the great spirits of the Reformation. A comparison between Calvin and Luther can scarcely be avoided as often as we think of the grand revolution which they were honored to achieve. Luther was the man of the people—Calvin of the divines. Luther was drawn on to greatness in spite of himself, and by the pressure of a holy necessity—Calvin became great on system, by a holy energy and an intense feeling of duty. The one was bold, abrupt, impetuous—the other systematic, accurate, severe. Luther struggled much for sound doctrine—Calvin struggled yet more for piety and holy practice. Luther overthrew—Calvin constructed. The German originated deep feeling—the Frenchman elicited profound thinking from men. Their contrasted characters are in some degree seen and read in their portraits; Luther, bluff, jovial, and well-conditioned—Calvin, emaciated, thoughtful, piercing. The diverse mental temperaments are exhibited in their views of Satanic agency. Luther, it is well known, thought, or dreamed, or persuaded himself, that he had frequent personal conflicts with Satan visible—Calvin approached that awful subject with faith as firm, but with fancy less fired, than Luther. In this, as in other respects, the Genevese divine may be deemed the complement of the German. The two combined would have made a perfect reformer.

Calvin, according to Henry, strove as energetically as Luther; but Luther aroused, Calvin tranquillized. The watchword of the one was war—that of the other, order. The one stormed, the other furnished, the citadel of God. \* \* \* \* The South was tamed, Switzerland delivered, Holland and England raised up, by Calvin's powerful sense of order; and even Germany itself was benefited by its reflex operation.—Vol. i., p. 320.

And as Luther and Calvin were thus in some degree contrasts, we find the latter also in contrast with other reformers. Melancthon often desponded. Even Knox has been known to falter. But Calvin's faith—simple, unwavering, and sublime—bore him indomitably on. He was what Carlyle calls Cromwell, preëminently the man of hope, and rose in courage as the tempest rose in fierceness. His equanimity and self-possession were greatest when his exigencies were most pressing, and sometimes his extempore eloquence, or his apt learning, drawn forth by public assaults, made his assailants quail, whether in the Council of Geneva, among polemic divines, or in the onset of personal antagonists.

We do not present this contrast as if Luther and Calvin were rivals. Their mission and their spirit was one. They were alike God's witnesses and remembrancers—heaven-sent men of a truth. Hence—

Though they never saw each other, they never felt as strangers, but entertained a mutual respect,

while each expressed his belief according to his particular character. These men, with some few others, were the greatest of their kind, and humanity owes to them its highest blessings. With the heroism of self-devotion, and continuing the conflict which they began in the name of God to their latest breath, they persevered, whatever their individual imperfections, in proclaiming the great truth, that one only is holy, that is the Lord.—Vol. ii., p. 17.\*

As a commentator and theologian, Calvin ranks, beyond all question, among the first and the profoundest that ever lived. The severe simplicity of his writings in this character constitutes their peculiar charm. On principle he avoided all subtle speculations, and sought in all simplicity to elicit the thought, the doctrine, or the lesson of his passage. His sublime view of the Creator's majesty, and his profound conviction of man's littleness as a sinner, forms the basis of his system; and, guided by these as his two constant companions, the glory of the Creator, the dependence of the fallen creature, were the lessons which he uniformly pressed. "Solus inter theologos Calvinus," was the exclamation of Scaliger, and the eulogy is borne out by his commentaries. His Institutes indeed were burnt by order of the Sorbonne at Paris, and his theological system has been keenly opposed as too logical or severe by men of every age. But whenever we learn to aim at exalting the only wise God, and abasing man to his becoming place—the dust—we get hold of the key which opens up all the wonders of the system. We shall then cease to marvel that that work was translated into French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English—into Dutch, Hungarian, Greek, and even Arabic; so that Calvin's mind has exercised an influence over many millions, diverse in habit, in language, and in clime. As a thinker he was clear and intrepid. A living faith pervaded all that he wrote; and he thus finds his way to the heart of every earnest man. Krummacher's remark is true, that he often wields "the scourge of the mouth" with stern severity, and that appears even when commenting on the Word of God; but goaded as he was by jests against it, which anticipated Voltaire himself, Calvin could ill brook that mockery offered to the truth, and, in assaulting the sin, he often aimed not less at the sinner. Hence much of his acerbity, but hence also not a little of his vigor and ascendancy. No man ever yet deeply stirred his fellow-men in religion who did not feel as if himself were stirred or commissioned by Heaven. Calvin sometimes speaks as if he felt so, though he has nowhere announced

\* Calvin concludes a letter to Luther thus:—"Would to God that I could hasten to you, were it to enjoy but a few hours of your conversation! Much should I prefer it, and far more useful would it be to speak with you personally, not only on this, but on many other affairs. I hope, however, that that which is not allowed us on earth will soon be granted us in the kingdom of heaven. Farewell, very renowned man, and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, and my, at all times, revered father! May the Lord continue to guide you by his Spirit to the end, for the common good of his church."—*Henry*, vol. ii., pp. 12, 13

it, and from that inward stirring arose much of his impetuosity and fire.

There is one dogma, however, with which the name of Calvin as a divine is indissolubly linked, we mean election, predestination, or reprobation, according to the different views taken of the doctrine. Henry says well—

Like Dante's, Calvin's sublime spirit delighted in fixing its steady gaze on the eternal justice of God, and plunged without fear into the abyss of the righteousness of the Judge, knowing that the Redeemer liveth. Through that daring and inflexible severity, with which he seems to take everything from man, he has mainly excited against himself the hostility of those who are unable to comprehend the workings of his mighty spirit. He wears the livery of the Old Testament, and understands the holiness, righteousness, and omnipotence, more clearly than the love of God. It will, therefore, appear, when we take a nearer view of the subject, why Calvin was so indignant when any one spoke contemptuously of his great doctrine; and when men of sound ordinary understanding objected to him the reality of natural freedom, or the testimony of Scripture, asserting that he made God a sinner. But he had both facts and Scripture on his side.—Vol. i., pp. 212, 213.

And he gives a brief summation of Calvin's, and we may add of Luther's, doctrine, thus:—

Predestination embraces three chief points:—

1. The eternal decree, through which God determined, before the sin of Adam, what should take place with regard to the whole human race, and to each individual; 2. The principle, that man is condemned to death on account of his own sin and wickedness; and, 3. That after Adam fell, the entire human stock was so corrupted and debased in him, that God could not consider one better than another; and that, therefore, those whom he saves, he saves only through his own free grace.—Vol. ii., pp. 152, 153.

Now, judging from the assaults which have been made on the reformer on account of this favorite or central dogma, we might infer that he held a fatalism like that of Spinoza or the Mussulmans, subjecting the mind of man to a power as despotic as it was blind; and some would confess, that in advocating his doctrine, amid the heat and the din of controversy, Calvin has sometimes employed phrases which give verisimilitude to these charges of his antagonists. His system, however, as calmly set forth in his Institutes, and defended at once by Scripture, by reason, and by facts, is one which it is more easy to assail than overthrow; and it will be hard to tell how God can be exalted as God over all, and man abased as a polluted being—that is, it will be hard to tell how the Scriptures can be maintained, if the grand peculiarity of Calvin's creed be not upheld. Men may

Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod;  
Rejudge His justice—he the God of God;

but if they will bow before the majesty of heaven as Calvin did—then, like him, they will be ready to let God sovereignly decree all, prearrange all,

do all, with the solitary exception of sin. Such minds, soaring to their highest point, but unable to ascend sufficiently high, or fathoming with their amplest line, but unable after all to measure this profound, will be ready to exclaim with Pascal—"Que d'absurdité! Dieu sans pouvoir sur la volonté des hommes, une prédestination sans mystère, une rédemption sans certitude!" "Ce n'est pas par les agitations de notre raison mais par la simple soumission de la raison que nous pouvons véritablement nous connaître."

It was thus that Calvin reasoned, and in this spirit Dr. Henry has written his life. "However terrible the system may appear, no less grand is it in the eyes of every one who penetrates it with a feeling of the greatness of God, and with faith." "This doctrine is as an ocean upon which we may suffer shipwreck, but upon which we may sail safely if we avoid curiosity. They plunge themselves into an abyss of misery who venture upon inquiries of this kind without the word of God; while they who view the subject in its proper order may derive therefrom a large measure of consolation." These are the sentiments of Henry, judicious, temperate, and philosophical, as well as religious; and such, we are assured, would have been the language of Calvin himself, had he spoken of the truth in our day, not heated by polemics nor goaded by opposition, but calmly unfolding the mind of his God. The redeemed saved by grace—the reprobate reprobate *for sin*—that is briefly the formula of Calvinism. It was one of his ruling maxims to forgive all *personal* injuries, but he could not forgive what he deemed opposed to the truth of God; and while that explains many of Calvin's controversies, it enables us to see the firm foundation on which he based the doctrine of election.\* His avowed purpose was to abase those who would "bow God's glory to the dust;" and he succeeded with not a few.

As a preacher, Calvin was as popular as his theology was profound. The Genevese have been known to gather round his house, entreating him to repeat a sermon which had just been preached. Yet his eloquence was not that of mere language, but of ardent convictions, and profound discernment at once of the power and the beauty of truth. He could extemporize, when excited by opposition, with resistless power; but he did not study rhetoric: he was too honest, cordial, and single-eyed, to enlist much of its aid. He was brief, like Seneca, rather than copious, like Cicero, in his style. *Tot verba tot pondera* is a phrase that describes it. Beza says—"He was a despiser of great eloquence, and sparing in words, and was thereby so good a writer that no one at that time had written with more dignity, with greater purity or acuteness." Practical in all things, he was specially so in his preaching. Taking Scripture for his model, he incessantly urges men to action. In speaking he often paused to let his

hearers ponder; and instead of sweeping them along—as his temperament might have led us to suppose—by resistless appeals, he was deliberate and slow, that all might be weighed. His, in short, was the ascendancy of truth, and not of oratory, yet his fame as an impressive speaker accompanied him to the close of life, and the registers of the city sometimes carefully tell of the crowds that listened as he spoke. As his practice at one period was to preach every day, he thus acquired a prodigious ascendancy, for the pulpit was then in effect the daily press; and when others were flying from the ranks, he often seized the standard, and rallied them by his sermons back to the fight. Licentiousness was bridled, religion had free course; and whether it was to Cardinal Sadolet, or Luther, or Servetus, or the magistrates of Geneva, or monarchs on their thrones, or humble believers in Christ, one standard and one Lord were ever held forth by Calvin. All sprang from the will of a personal God—all was guided by a living faith, and directed to a holy life; and though his sermons have been likened to hail-storms, rather than to falling dew, they found their way to the conscience and the heart; thousands in many lands rose up to call that preacher blessed.

Closely allied to this are Calvin's views as an ecclesiastic. His vocation in this sphere deserves a treatise, and Henry has elaborated this point with skill, though his accounts are not always self-consistent. Calvin's views are simply theocratic; he would have God to rule in the church by his word, without a rival and without a challenge. In the state, the supreme mind was equally to preside, though the two spheres were perfectly distinct in their constitution; and, according to his *theory*, they were never to interfere in the province of each other. The disorders of the transition-period in which he lived often prevented the right working of his system; but had he been able to work it out, a perfect model of a church state would have appeared; the magistrate would have had his province, the church would have had hers—each marked out by the word of him who is the Lord of both; and, walking according to that word, kings would have been nursing fathers of the church, while it, in its turn, would have been the preserving salt of the nations. His theocratic influence (through means of the word of God) thus spread from Geneva to France, Germany, England, Christendom; and though in carrying out his system he curbed the joyous people of the wine-lands very tightly, it does not follow that he curbed them too much. He adopted the stern maxim—"Those who despise the honor of God must be punished with the sword;" and though he applied it in a way that often provoked reaction, yet, by his principles, he turned a flagitious city into a moral model—he bridled the turbulent, and tamed the most fierce, and refused to let men put licentiousness for freedom. We cannot but regard the eulogium of Knox upon Geneva as an ample testimony at once to Calvin's personal

\* We have heard a quaint friend say, that predestination is against no man, unless he be against predestination; and there is philosophy in the saying.

ascendency and the indefatigable energy with which he carried forward the work of winning men to goodness and virtue. "I neither fear nor shame to say," writes Knox, "that Geneva is the most perfect school that ever was in the earth since the days of the Apostles. \* \* \* Manners and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place beside."

When we turn from the study of Calvin's public character, as drawn by Dr. Henry, to contemplate him in the private relations of life, our sympathies are elicited as strongly as our admiration was high before. He was one of those who must either be fanatically hated or intensely loved, and we know that he was both. His correspondence with Renata, Duchess of Ferrara, might supply abundant materials for our present object; but we must take a wider view of his friendly ties. His frequent controversies and his irritable temperament would prompt us to regard him as destitute of tenderness and heart; but, far from that, we often hear him pouring out his soul in utmost tenderness to his friends. Writing on behalf of a vilified man whom he commiserated, he says—"If my prayers, if my tears can avail anything, I beseech you, Bucer, render him help in his necessity. We commit him to you in his poverty." To Farell, of Neufchatel, once his colleague and always his much loved friend, he writes—"There never have been, I think, two friends who have lived together in such friendship in the common intercourse of the world, as we have in our ministry." And Farell reciprocated Calvin's affection. He says—"I have not yet heard any certain account of the departure of our brother Calvin, so dear and so necessary to us all. \* \* \* O that I could be put in his place; and that he might be long spared to us in health and strength, to serve the churches of our Lord." Indeed, the ardent affection which existed between the triumvirate, Calvin, Farell, and Viret, though hateful to their enemies, made the hearts of the good to rejoice. Henry writes—"How much this noble union says for Calvin, and in what light it sets him, needs no explanation. Were he known only through his friendship with Beza, Farell, and Viret, were all other records of his life lost, he would yet excite love and admiration." In private life, traits of character were developed which did not appear in the ungenial element of polemics; and the entire oblivion of self, the devotedness of his whole soul to those who loved the truth of God, knit him to his friends in bonds as close as the keen and severe convictions of his conscience were strong. Within his iron breast he carried a loving heart; he realized the saying of Napoleon, and had "an iron hand in a glove of velvet." His power of biting sarcasm, reminding us of that of Isaiah, was repressed among his friends, and all became genial and affectionate in that sacred sphere.

Calvin's regard for Melancthon was one of the strongest feelings of his affectionate soul. As he deemed that reformer worthy of the admiration of all ages, he gave him the full confidence of his

own heart, and some of his most exquisitely tender appeals are addressed to "his Philip." On one occasion of trial our reformer "shed more tears among his friends than he spoke words;" and all these things enable us to see far into his heart, and explain the absolutely spell-like power which bound his friends to him and him to them. The monks of his native city, indeed, offered public thanks to God when it was rumored that he was dead; and Grotius in a similar tone has said that "the spirit of antichrist has been seen not on the banks of the Tiber alone, but on those of Lake Lemman." But those who leant upon his bosom, and could look into his soul, have told most plainly the depth and strength of Calvin's affection. Co-raud was one of those who had shared the reformer's trials, and when he died Calvin wrote to Farell—"I am so bowed down by his death, that I can set no limit to my anguish. None of my usual employments is sufficient to keep my mind from perpetually reverting to the subject." We might quote instances of similar affection in regard to Knox,\* and deeper still in regard to Melancthon and Bucer. The former Calvin apostrophized in the pathetic words—"A hundred times hast thou said to me, when, weary with so much labor and oppressed with so many burdens, thou laidst thy head upon my breast, 'God grant, God grant that I may now die!'" Scenes like these should be kept before the mind, to disabuse us of the opinion that Calvin was an unfeeling reprobationist, a remorseless and ungenial man. The truth is he lived in the hearts and sympathies of his friends; absence or silence on their part and his was often intolerable. Busy as he was, he gave whole days to his correspondence with them; and many of his letters are models at once of tenderness and politeness, as well as proofs of the high culture of his mind. This fine inner life, fed from so many sources, braced him for many of his conflicts, and may serve to silence the aspersions so often cast upon his name.

But we can study Calvin in domestic life, as well as amid the endearments of ordinary friendship, and here also he imbeds himself in our affections. He was married in the year 1540, to Idellette de Bures, with whom he lived for nine years in utmost harmony, and for whom he mourned with very poignant sorrow. His desiderata in a partner were "grace and virtue, contentedness and suavity," and he found them all. Trials, no doubt, were his lot in marriage as elsewhere. He lost his only son soon after his birth; but all that happened only evolved more fully the depth of his affection and the simplicity of his faith. At one time he says—"I would write more, but my wife is unwell, and my thoughts are distracted." He told another that she was a remarkable woman, *singularis exempli femina*; and rarely did the stern Predestinarian of Geneva despatch a letter to a friend without alluding to

\* Did space allow, we could show that Dr. Henry has in several respects erred in his estimate of the Scottish reformer.

his partner. When absent, he bewailed her as "alone, comfortless, and without her stay." "My wife commends herself to your prayers: she nourishes a lingering disorder, the issue of which I greatly fear." "My wife's sickness continues as usual." "My wife, who struggles with a lingering disease, greets you."—These and similarly tender sentiments are often reiterated by the truculent persecutor of Servetus; and when death did bereave him, his grief was deep indeed. "My wife's death has pressed hard upon me," he says to Viret. "I seek as much as possible to conquer my sorrow, and my friends contend with each other to afford me consolation, but in truth neither their efforts nor mine can accomplish what we wish." And then he pathetically describes the progress of the disease and the closing scene, like one who loved to linger even around the fountain of his woe. Years after her departure, he evinced the same tenderness of heart; and yet this is the man whom thousands know or will regard only as a persecutor to be hated and reviled! Regarding his wife at least, he must be acquitted of such a charge; and Homer will best tell how Calvin acted as a husband—

Και μιν ἔτις' ὥς οὐτις ἀπὸ τοῦ τιταὶ ἄλλη  
Ὅσοι νύγε γυναικὲς ὑπ' ἀνδράσιν οἶκον ἔχουσιν.

This domestic affection was needed to soothe and solace his cares. In addition to all his public trials, Calvin often had poverty to endure, for his self-sacrificing generosity prompted him again and again to decline the emoluments that were his due. At one period he was reduced to the necessity of selling his books, but instructed his friends not to dispose of them for less than nine batzen each volume, unless a number were bought at once, in which case they might be sold for eight. His stipend was a mere pittance; and though donations of money, and wood and wine were often sent by the Council, he generally returned the former and insisted on paying for the latter. Acknowledging a debt to Farell, he says—"Such are my present circumstances that I cannot pay a farthing." The publication of his books produced very little. The demands on him were numerous and heavy, and his very correspondence must sometimes have drained his treasury, so that it is not too much to say that he led a life of poverty sometimes bordering upon want. He scrupulously refused to be beholden to any but his bosom friends; but though poor, he made many rich. He was himself rich in faith, and rejoiced to beckon others to a share of his unsearchable riches—God's riches in glory by Jesus Christ.

When we think of the diseases which preyed upon him, especially towards the close of his life, we need not wonder to hear that Calvin was irritable in his temper, and could with difficulty tame what he called the wild beast within him. For many years he lived on a single meal each day, and sometimes fasted for six-and-thirty hours. Yet his disposition was naturally lively and often gay. He did not object to innocent pastimes, and

occasionally took part in them with the magistrates and others.\* In one of his letters, we find him even commending a servant maid to a friend—a circumstance so trivial that it need not be named, were it not to exhibit how kind and gentle that man was whom nearly the whole of Christendom has strangely regarded for a century or more as stern, bigoted, despotic, and a tyrant.

It is not generally known that Calvin attempted poetry. He once greeted a new year with a poem, which he entitled *Επιμικριον*, celebrating the triumph of truth over the Papacy; but the orthodoxy of the composition is more notable than the poetry. Though living in the shadow of Mont Blanc, with the placid-Leman Lake, girdled by the mountains of Savoy and the Jura, stretched out before him, it does not appear that Calvin imbibed any of the poetry of the scene. Indeed, the reformers generally were destitute of imagination. It was the judgment that was developed in them. It was severe reason that was required.—It was conscience and pure truth that guided them; and nearly all of that noble brotherhood who shook St. Peter's chair three centuries ago, were too familiar with stern realities to devote much attention to the *nugae canorae*. Above all, it was the grandeur of the Creator rather than creation that entranced Calvin; and had he ever embodied his sentiments in poetry, it would probably have been thus—

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
Beneath the keen, full moon? \* \* \*  
God! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer, and let the ice-plains echo—God!

We need not wonder now to hear of the ascendancy which Calvin wielded in his day and generation. His mighty convictions bore him triumphantly on, and the combination of the severe and the gentle in his temperament enabled him to achieve what might otherwise have baffled even his great resources. Holding the mean between Papal despotism and ultra-Protestant anarchy, conscience, illuminated by the spirit, was the presiding faculty in his soul—and hence his unwavering love, often his intemperate defence, of the true. "He held fast," writes Henry, "with an iron hand, the car of the Reformation which Luther had set going, but which was now rushing down the hill with dangerous speed." His profound piety, his living faith, his conscientiousness, and his high culture, all fitted him for his sphere and destiny; and if ever we can descry the divine adaptation of an agent to the work given him to do, we see it in the case of Calvin. From the cradle of his power and his greatness—Geneva—his influence has spread through the world; even in his own day it extended to the outskirts of Christendom, and reached what was then the savage Brazils; while now it is rising again, contemporaneously with the rise of the Papacy, which he did so much to humble. At one time, about a thousand from all

\* When any finesse was attempted, as was sometimes the case—for example, to entrap him into an autograph—he resented the trick, though gratifying the trickster.

lands daily heard his lectures; and, spreading abroad, they carried with them at least portions of his creed. As a result, it was computed that at one period there were in France five millions of Calvinists, forming two thousand one hundred and fifty churches, modelled according to the principles which he advocated and restored. He was indeed the pastor of some of the leading statesmen of France, Poland and other countries. Kings and queens were among his correspondents. One of them at least depended at one period upon Calvin's influence for subsidies.—In short, had he been the ambitious and aspiring man whom many regard him as being, his ambition might have been gratified to the full.

We read with astonishment, (writes Dr. Henry,) essays in his hand-writing on questions of pure administration, on all kinds of matters of police, and on the modes of protection from fire; as well as on legal proceedings, instructions for the inspector of buildings, for the artillery superintendent, and the keepers of the watch-towers; all which shows that, to powerful minds, the little is, in its place, as important and necessary as the great; because that all things are equally little and equally great in their presence, as before the eye of God.\*

The key to the whole was this—"He had the honor of God, and not merely the security of man, in view;" and, guided by that profound and radical principle, he walked in safety amid a thousand difficulties. He has been compared to the Athenian Draco, but indeed his laws were written not only in blood but with a pen of flame; and the violence which they have done to the minds and habits of men, too often originates in the degradation to which even the conscience of multitudes has sunk.

Calvin's mighty rivals were Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII.; but none of these had ever beheld a glimpse of the truth, and their machinations and policy were consequently feeble against one strong in the might which the God of truth imparts. Consecrated as the Genevese reformer was to that cause, and hidden in the secret place of strength, he proved more than a match for the powers and principalities which are feeble when truth is their antagonist; and in all the history of the church it were difficult to mention aught that calls for deeper gratitude than the placing of such a man at such a place during such an epoch—a centre to radiate the light in spite of all attempts to extinguish or obscure it.

"Truth is the child of time." Such is Calvin's own prognostication in his first letter that has reached us, and when will it be verified regarding himself? At no distant day. He is becoming again what he was of old; and were his opinions ascendant, as they ought to be, the nations might yet rejoice—his principles might be honored to repeat what he himself achieved—to disenchant us from the spells of Rome, the Circe of the churches. The middle path between the spurious Catholicity of the papacy and the licentiousness of Infidelity

would then be found; and he who once labored with his own hands, in an hour of need, to deepen the trenches and heighten the walls of Geneva, would be found again deepening the power of the truth, and rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. Superficial men, incapable of detecting the secret of his grandeur and his power, have viewed him as a mere logician, and spoken of his life as one long syllogism. It were a blessed thing for the nations were the logic which he used—the power of the truth—studiously learned again; but the formula of his life is not a syllogism—it is, "Let God be true, and every man a liar."

"Calvin's greatness was his fate." Such is another dictum concerning him. Menaced as he often was—obliged to bare his bosom to an infuriated populace—threatened with being tossed into the Rhone—exiled from the city for which he did so much—accused of crimes the most gross by men who abused his generosity—worn down by engagements and cares, and wasted to a skeleton by five or six diseases, we need not wonder though he was often provoked to acerbity. In terms of his own witticism to Melancthon, he lived *ἀποτὸν ὄρος ἐν σπηλαίῳ*; and if he sought Geneva from ambition, as some who do not know him suppose, he resembled the fanatic who leaped into Etna to secure immortality. The terminus of the Christian is glory—the condition of reaching it is conflict, and none felt that truth more than Calvin; but the time has fully come when a sounder estimate should be formed regarding him than has yet prevailed; and we again hail Dr. Henry's volumes as tending to accomplish that result.

It will be seen that we have scarcely made more than a passing allusion to the melancholy case of Michael Servetus, and Calvin's complicity in his trial and death. That subject would demand a separate discussion. Dr. Henry has exhausted it, and his opinions regarding it are briefly these:—"When he persecuted Servetus, it was not from revenge, from wrath, from reasoning, from envy; but from a religious zeal for the truth." Coleridge\* repeats the sentiment; but we dare not be betrayed into the discussion.

We cannot dwell at such length on the work of Mr. Dyer as we have done on that of Dr. Henry; nor is it needful that we should. It has added little to what we formerly knew of the great French reformer, for the volume is little more than a *redaction*, somewhat skilfully executed, though in the style of a special pleader, of what has been written by Beza, Rùchat, Trechsel, Henry, and others regarding the theologian of Geneva. The most prominent idea in the work is antagonism to that reformer as a predestinarian; and, from some of the positions argued or advanced by the author, we may, perhaps, rank him side by side with those of whom it has been said that they "write against Calvinism with the virulence of men who did not understand it." Calvin's theology "lights us deep into the Deity,"

\* Bretschneider. J. Calvini Lit. quædam, pp. 69-99.

\* Table Talk, ii., p. 282.

and cannot be relished by certain minds. Manhood is allowed too little, and Divinity too much, for those whose theory of human nature is based on the prominence of self, not of truth and God. Few will consent to lie so low as Calvin, guided by the Scriptures, lays us; and the assaults against him, protracted now for three centuries and more, are essentially defences of man and his egoism against God and His supremacy. Under the impression which that feeling of antagonism produces, this work loses no opportunity of saying or insinuating what may on the whole be disparaging to the French reformer. His character was felt to be emerging from the clouds and thick darkness which ignorance or prejudice had for ages thrown around it, and the tendency of this volume is to perpetuate the eclipse, if it can. We do not rank it among the ribald productions which have so often assailed Calvin's memory, and recklessly attempted to bury it beneath masses of obloquy, or falsehood, or distortion. A more cautious policy is needed now among impartial men. Bolsee and Baldouin, in former times, Audin and others in our own day, have perpetrated such offences against historical truth, but Mr. Dyer does not proceed so far. On the contrary, his volume appears comparatively temperate; but it is true, nevertheless, that its tone and tendency are adverse to Calvin, and not calculated to convey a fair representation of the man.

"A lapse of three centuries," Mr. Dyer says in the last sentence of his work, "has afforded time enough to mellow opinions, and this should be essentially the age of impartiality and moderation;" yet this volume does not exhibit all that mellowness in the fruits of time to which its author so properly refers. On the contrary, he sometimes adopts the most unfavorable views of Calvin's conduct, and submits them as if they were unquestioned facts. Nor is it he alone that is thus described. Mr. Dyer is careful to fortify his position by telling of the offence given to such accomplished time-servers as Erasmus, by "the remorseless and indiscriminating zeal of the more fanatical reformers;"\* and the general impression of disparagement and coarseness thus produced is unfair to the memory of men who did for Europe and the world what was achieved by the Reformation. Farell is described as accomplishing some of his objects by "pious fraud." He and Calvin are declared to have been amenable not only to the charge of obstinacy and self-will, but even of duplicity—and classed among those who were anxious to "secure the adhesion of any man to their party who was at all distinguished by rank or learning, however profligate and worthless his character."† In short, the volume partakes more of the temper of an age which we had fondly hoped was passing away, than of that historical justice which should now be rendered to those benefactors of man who toiled and suffered and died in pursuing their high voca-

tion at the period of the Reformation. We would not extenuate their defects—we would not depict them as "the faultless monsters whom the world ne'er saw"—but neither would we delineate their history as if their lives had been a series of oscillations between fanaticism and foible—or between violence and finesse.

It is true, Mr. Dyer presents us in very graphic language with a sketch of the state of morals at that period, especially in Geneva.

Reckless gaming, drunkenness, adultery, blasphemy, and all sorts of vice and wickedness abounded. Prostitution was sanctioned by the authority of the state, and the public stews were placed under the superintendence of a woman elected by the council, and called "*La Reine du Bordel*." The registers of the city of Geneva abound with entries respecting the regulation of these pandemoniums.\* If the manners of the laity were corrupt, those of the clergy were as bad or worse.†

Now in a city, or an age, where ignorance and profligacy thus walked side by side, it is obvious that emollients and anodynes were not the remedies which the disease demanded. Nothing remained for the reformers, if they would really succeed in their high enterprise, but to assail these vices in their very seeds and elements. The pruning of the branches would only have spread the roots—and though Mr. Dyer makes it a charge against the reformers, that toleration was not extended to "cards and dancing, plays and masquerades," yet, in such reforms as those which Calvin had to begin and consummate, we venture to think that he and his coadjutors were more profound in their views of human nature, as well as more wise in the policy which they adopted, than the good, easy measures which some would recommend. Theology for holidays and festivals would not have met the case of a city so profligate and abandoned, and the prediction which Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon, addressed to the Genevese, shows how much sounder were his views of the reforms that were needed.

How can you reform the Church, you who are yourselves so unreformed? You say, the monks and priests are unchaste, gamblers, drunkards; but you are the same. You wish to expel the popish clergy, and to put preachers of the Gospel in their place. That in itself will be good, but it will be bad for you, who find all your comfort in forbidden pleasures. The preachers will establish a reformation which will subject vice to its merited punishment. You have hated the priests, who are too much like yourselves; you will hate the preachers, because they are not like you.—*Henry*, vol. i., p. 98.

We would here close our remarks on this volume, did we not feel constrained to enter a caveat against other innuendoes and insinuations against Calvin. Indeed, it is this that, in our opinion, characterizes the production of Mr. Dyer, and we

\* *Dyer's Life of Calvin*, p. 45; also, page 46, note.

† *Ibid*, p. 71.

\* See *Henry*, vol. i., p. 99.

† See *Dyer*, p. 77.

would at once vindicate our own criticism, and try to repel these insinuations.

It is, perhaps, needless to dwell on such contemptuous phrases as "the jargon peculiar to the elect," and "the nasal melody of our tabernacles"—and we would pass them unheeded were they not indications of the sentiments and views of the volume. But we cannot pass so lightly over charges which, by their cumulative weight, are calculated, if not designed, to detract from the character of Calvin more than direct and open assaults would have done. In one passage, for example, Calvin is charged with "insincerity," although he is known to have been proverbially open, and not seldom to have given his adversaries an advantage against him by his generous confidence and his preëminent unselfishness. In another, the reformer is accused of "meanness," because he had referred to a favor formerly conferred on one who had bitterly assailed him. At a third place,\* it is deliberately argued that Calvin seemed "determined to uphold his scheme of ecclesiastical discipline without much regard to the means which he used for that purpose"—in other words, he was an unscrupulous ecclesiastic, grasping at power, however it could be acquired, explaining the word of God with marvellous vigor and acuteness, yet habitually trampling on its holy requirements. Nay more, this author seems not to deplore but to rejoice that truth obliges him to condemn Calvin's defence of the doctrine that heretics and blasphemers should be put to death by the civil magistrate. That Calvin held that opinion, in common with nearly all the distinguished men of his era, has often been noticed, and while we would join with all in earnestly condemning such a dogma, as constituting man the lord of conscience and the oppressor of his fellow-men, there is yet a wide difference between that condemnation, and exulting in the fact that cause for it exists. It is the latter that prominently appears in the pages before us. Not content with lodging a protest against such an assumption, by whomsoever held, some extracts from Calvin's works are inserted avowedly "for their atrocity." Anxiety is displayed to insulate him as much as possible in holding that tenet—and the volume goes further than history warrants in criminating him alone for such opinions. It seems, for example, rather to grudge to Calvin the melancholy companionship of the mild Melancthon in the tenet referred to—and, in brief, exhibits the desire to extenuate the guilt of others, that the French reformer may be left alone or mainly under the burden. The *odium theologicum*, against which Mr. Dyer so properly protests, has unconsciously swayed his own opinions, inasmuch that he would obviously regret could Calvin, by any line of defence, be freed from the atrocity with which he is charged. Mean "subterfuges"—and "a rather pliant conscience," are some of the phrases employed to accomplish this purpose, and leave Calvin more deeply than ever involved

in guilt and shame. Again and again an attempt is made to show that he was disingenuous.\* He is described as declining Cranmer's approaches for union among the churches, because the Genevese reformer never showed "much alacrity to enter into such projects, except when there was a prospect of implicit submission to his own notions"—while in truth in that very letter Calvin, in a spirit which guided him in a hundred other cases, says to the Primate of England, "As to myself, if I should be thought of any use, I would not, if need were, object to cross ten seas for such a purpose."† Nay, so far do these tendencies carry this author, that he is not reluctant to implicate Calvin in the assassination of the Duke of Guise, by Poltrot, in 1563. Like Mr. Tytler, in his attempt to criminate Knox in the affair of Rizzio—this volume would do the same in regard to Calvin, and that upon evidence yet more slender than Tytler's—for there is not even a *pin* in the present case to depone to Calvin's complicity.‡ Nay, further still, with the very Quixotism of such a spirit, it is indicated, not indistinctly, that Calvin may peradventure be implicated in the death of Joan Boacher, in England, during the period of Somerset's ascendancy. In 1552, Calvin wrote to the primate of England, as he had previously done to Protector Somerset, and of one of these letters Mr. Dyer says:—

This letter contains a remarkable passage, in which Calvin recommends the protector to repress the mutinous papists and anabaptists by the sword. It will be recollected, that in the following year a commission was issued for trying anabaptists, under which Joan Boacher, or Joan of Kent, was burned. Can it be that the mind of the English primate was fortified in this course by the advice and opinion of so great a theologian as Calvin, even so as to resist the tears and supplications of the young king, and to light up the first fire of persecution in a reformed community!—P 285.

As if Calvin's memory were not sufficiently overlaid by the charges which his own conduct directly suggested, here is a constructive accusation dictated, we think, by something else than a desire to do justice to him whose life is delineated. As if the Genevese divine had been the only man in his age who held such opinions as those which tended to the deed referred to, he is here cautiously criminated by a remote implication. Who does not know that to "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike" is often an infallible means of originating or spreading an evil report? and we cannot help recording that as this charge furnishes a key to this volume, it also proves how unsafe a guide it is, either to the actual facts of Calvin's history, or the theological value of Calvin's creed. It was not enough to insinuate that he was guilty of pitiful finesse to make the Genevese "feel and know his worth;"§ or to assert with much appearance of solemnity that Calvin, in regard to discipline, "carried his system almost to a pitch

\* Page 339.

\* Pages 312, 339.

† See p. 60.

‡ Compare p. 291 and p. 292.

§ Page 121.

of blasphemy;"\* or to show that he was a poltroon, who declined the post of danger, and exposed others in his stead. He is, however, charged with instigating Cranmer in the work of persecution, without any evidence but that of a construction which has not even the merit of ingenuity.

We have said that it is in regard to the doctrine of Predestination that Mr. Dyer's views and those of Calvin are in most distinct antagonism. From one who quotes Bishop Tomline as an authority in theology, it is not probable that the Genevese reformer can hope to escape castigation, and this biographer's aversion to Calvin and his tenets appears most resolute where he describes the reformer's controversy with Jerome Bolsec, *De Eternâ Dei Predestinatione*. That that controversy provoked Calvin to a degree of asperity to which no Christian man should give way is unquestionable, and those who revere his memory the most will be the first to deplore the severity of his language. He should have been above the practices, as he was, in many respects, in advance of the spirit, of his age. Yet is it justifiable in a biographer to withhold all that would extenuate, or at least explain, the exacerbation which all must lament? Bolsec's *Life of Calvin* is one of the foulest libels that ever were compiled, and if we except Audin, and some of the Jesuits' accounts of Calvin, it is perhaps the most offensive of all that ever was heaped upon a great man's memory. It was with him—a renegade of the most volatile class—that Calvin engaged in one of his keenest controversies, and the reformer is seized when exasperated and goaded by this assailant, as if that were the normal condition of his mind—the element in which he delighted to luxuriate, or the spirit in which he rejoiced to domineer. While we lament the asperities, we do not overlook the provocation; and though that can never exculpate a Christian man, truth and equity demand that all should at least be made known. It is not historically fair to reject, as this volume does,† certain exculpatory evidence as "partial," and yet pile together proof after proof that Calvin was not merely a stern theologian, but, moreover, an implacable persecutor, and perhaps a grossly immoral man.‡

Those who have traversed Switzerland remember well that the grandeur of some of its noblest mountains cannot be seen or enjoyed to the full from the level of their base. It is needful to ascend an eminence in their vicinity and gaze from midway to the summit. The dark depth which opens to the eye as it pierces into the abyss, and the grandeur which greets it as it gazes to the snowy peak, then more perfectly reveal the glory of the mountain. Mont Blanc, for example, cannot be known in all its vastness from Chamouni; we must ascend to the Col de Four, perhaps 8000 feet above the level of the sea, ere the "wondrous

dome" can be duly estimated by the eye, or all the majesty of the spectacle enjoyed. Now something of the same kind is to be observed in the moral world. There also there are some who shoot far up into the regions where lofty contemplation dwells, and with which great thoughts make only the few familiar, and before we can grasp or sympathize in their grandeur we must have ascended at least so far in their train. Many should read and mark the language of Mathesius on this subject—"Great men have great thoughts. The One Spirit has many operations, and we who are destined to pursue the highway and the common foot-path should not pretend to follow those who take their course over field and flood, mountains and valleys. Much less should we venture to judge lightly the fervor, earnestness, zeal, and courage of great characters." Having no sympathy with the theology of Calvin, unable or unwilling to follow him into those profound views of truth which are dark as the catacombs without a taper to many minds, men are destitute of the key which alone can open the secrets of his grandeur. They can descry the blemishes that mar the symmetry of the reformer's character. They can unmask his infirmities, and adroitly drag his failings from their dread abode. Even when they narrate what reflects credit on his name, it may be done in a way that rather depreciates than exalts him;\* and with all this before us, we cannot but go to the conclusion that this volume tends to add to the prejudice that exists against Calvin in many quarters, rather than to clear away the obloquy which ignorance or malice has heaped upon his memory. Meanwhile, we appeal from our contemporaries, like-minded with Mr. Dyer, to Calvin's own—to men like George Buchanan, who did for him in Latin poetry what Calvin did for his age by Latin prose.

Non tamen omnino potuit mors invida totum  
Tollere Calvinum terris; æterna manebunt,  
Ingenii monumenta tui; et livoris iniqui  
Languida paulatim cum flamma resederit, omnes  
Religio qua pura nitet se fundet in oras  
Fama tui.

—The vaticination of the poet is of tardy fulfilment. The "livor iniquus," to which he refers, has obstinately struggled for perpetuity. Its "languid flame" is fed by many a prejudice, for the world's grandest spirits are oftenest most misunderstood.

If we regret to witness the continuance, in a somewhat modified form, of a spirit which we had hoped was passing away, or the reproduction, though in fainter tones, of charges against Calvin, which should have been buried forever, we are in proportion made glad by the publication, on an extensive scale, of the works of The Calvin Translation Society. In recent times the demand for the reformer's works has increased, in consequence of the sounder views of theology which have begun to prevail. Professor Tholuck, of

\* Page 144.

† Page 231.

‡ See the references to an infamous charge against Calvin resting on the sole authority of Bolsec, pp. 231, 232.

\* See *Dyer*, pp. 142, 143.

Halle, though not technically a Calvinist, has largely contributed to that result, and a few years ago a society was formed for translating and publishing the works of the French reformer, so as to bring them within the reach of every English reader. In the course of ten years, it was computed the whole of Calvin's Commentaries, Sermons, Institutes, and other theological works might be translated and published, and by this arrangement some thousands of copies of the productions of one eminent at once for soundness of judgment, for acute and logical discernment, for profound acquaintance with the theology of Scripture, and with the errors which seek to efface or to dilute it, are annually circulated among the English-speaking population of the world. It was a noble projection, and hitherto it has been urged forward with vigor.

It were, indeed, difficult to speak in terms too high of a project which we reckon patriotic in the highest sense. The signs of the times were such as to call for some antidote to the superficial theology that was rife and rising in importance. The prejudice against Calvin's name and writings was so deep and inveterate, that it was right he himself should again be heard in self-defence—heard, not merely as a keen controversialist, an angry polemic, or a stern predestinarian and nothing more—but as a man of deep personal godliness—and of a spirit which would have every thought, word and deed abased before the authority of the Supreme. To enable him thus to peal forth his clear, thrilling tones upon the churches again, the wisest course, we think, has been adopted—and we should hope for a marked and decided effect on the theology of our coming generations, from the solid and goodly publications of the Calvin Society.

It is instructive to notice, that while writers like Audin have poured unmeasured abuse on the reformer, men of power and of profound views like his own, have heaped eulogy upon eulogy to impress us with a sense of what we owe to him, or of what he was as a scholar and divine. Whole pages of such eulogies have been compiled, and even a meagre specimen may suffice to show how men of every shade of religious opinion, and every degree of partisanship, have agreed to offer a tribute of encomium to the memory of Calvin. We present only a few from divines and others whose opinions will be received as antidotes to the ribaldry of men like Bolsec and Baldouin. What Dr. Patriek did for Homer,\* these encomiums do for Calvin.

J. Papyrus Masson, a Roman Catholic writer of the sixteenth century, has recorded, that "whether we consider the number, the ingenuity, the diction, the conciseness, the acuteness, or the vigor of Calvin's writings, they are neither less numerous, nor less valuable than those of any of his contemporaries." Father Simon, another learned Ro-

manist of the seventeenth century, deprecates Calvin's *heresy*, but says, "As he was endowed with a lofty genius, the mind evermore meets in his commentaries something with which it is delighted—and as he thoroughly and intimately knew man, his ethics are truly pleasing—and as far as possible in harmony with the sacred text." Thomas Stapleton, (1535–1598,) another Romanist, testifies "that Calvin's Institutes were so highly valued in England, that a very exact translation of them was laid down for perusal in every parish church, while in both its universities the students in theology read the Institutes as the first and standard work." Even Arminius has competed with others in his encomiums on the Genevese divine, so often deemed his antagonist in theology. He says, "Next to the perusal of the Scriptures, which I earnestly inculcate, I exhort my pupils to peruse Calvin's Commentaries, \* \* \* for I affirm that he excels, beyond comparison, in the interpretation of Scripture, and that his Commentaries ought to be more highly valued than all that is handed down to us by the library of the Fathers." Bishop Jewel, who had not imbibed the opinions espoused by Mr. Dyer, called Calvin "A reverend father and worthy ornament of the church of God." Bishop Carlton thus apostrophized the reformer—"O Calvin! happy even by the testimony of thy adversaries, since thy writings are so conformable to the Holy Scriptures, that what a very famous popish doctor confesses he took from the Scriptures, other papists imputed to his reading of thy books." Bishop Stillingfleet speaks of the reformer as "that excellent servant of God." Bishop Andrews says, that "Calvin was an illustrious person, and never to be mentioned without a preface of the highest honor." Bishop Bilson was also Calvin's encomiast, and Richard Hooker may close the list of English divines, with the words, "For my own part, I think Calvin incomparably the wisest man the French Church did enjoy since the hour it enjoyed him. \* \* \* Divine knowledge he gathered not by hearing or reading so much as by teaching others. \* \* \* We should be injurious unto virtue itself, if we did derogate from them whom their industry hath made great. Two things of principal moment there are which have deservedly procured him honor throughout the world—the one his exceeding pains in composing the institutions of the Christian religion—the other his no less industrious travails for exposition of Holy Scripture according unto the same institutions." Men had not then learned to credit and retail the slanders of malignity, and the assaults of ignorance against this "venerable name." Not blind to Calvin's blemishes, and sometimes combating his more peculiar opinions, the great of old had grandeur of mind sufficient to estimate his greatness, and generosity enough to confess or eulogize it. It was reserved for those in whom partisanship and acrimony take the place of principle, and the love of the good and the true, to perpetuate the slanders against his memory.

\* See his *Varia Elogia seu Testimonia de Homero, ex diversis Auctoribus, tum antiquis, tum neotericis, collecta.*"

If we turn from the better-conditioned divines of the Romish church, and the generous among the great names of the English hierarchy, to the nonconformists and their school, we find the same harmonious consensus in regard to the reformer. Richard Baxter declared, that he "knew no man since the apostles' days whom he valued and honored more than Calvin, and whose judgment in all things, one with another, he more esteemed or came nearer to." Doddridge speaks of him also in the language of encomium; and though all may not agree with the sentiment of Featly, when he speaks of "that bright burning taper of Geneva, as warm in his devotions, as clear and lightsome in his disputes;" yet all who reflect must be amazed at the fact, that one so signally admired, and so cordially applauded by those who lived near to his age, should in more recent times have become to so many a cause of offence, or of bitterest antipathy. We know that that antipathy never can be medicated by mere authority or quotation: yet we present it as a phenomenon, that he, whom Lutherans and Reformed, Romanists and Protestants, constitutional lawyers and profound divines, all agreed to laud, should now be to so many only a hissing and a by-word. Montesquieu declared, that "the Genevese should bless the birth-day of Calvin," yet, as if that profound judge had erred, many deem it an execration. It will not, however, be always so—"The great divine"—"The Christian Hercules"—"The Theologian"—"The *Ειρηολογος*," as his contemporaries delighted to style him, will take his place in the minds and hearts of men. The good will deplore that he should have yielded in so many cases to the spirit of his age, but they will rejoice that in other respects he advanced so far—shedding light and blessings manifold upon the path of man. We think that the publications of *The Calvin Translation Society* will help to advance that result—a result, which will assuredly come when men learn to act on the maxim of Sennebiez—"Je crois important d'approfondir la vie de Calvin pour apprendre à le juger, et pour repousser par des faits les imputations qu'on ne lui a faites fausement que parce qu'on n'a pas assez étudié son caractère."\*

We cannot enter now on any analysis of Audin's work—nor is it needful we should do so. It was designed, along with other popish writings, to serve as an antidote to M. D'Aubigné's *History of Luther and the Reformation*, and is accordingly authenticated by a brief of Gregory XVI. But instead of developing the character of the reformer, it is indeed a singular distortion of facts, signalized by shameless falsehoods, and lets us see further and further into the character of Popery, as well as the means by which it endeavors to regain the ascendancy which it has lost. The work, in short, is a *rifacimento* of all that is hateful and hating against Calvin and the cause which he so resolutely espoused, and so successfully advocated. He lived in an age when the messenger of peace too

often found a soldier's sepulchre; and because his body escaped that doom, his character has in revenge been remorselessly assailed. Audin has written as resolutely against Calvin as Calvin contended against error in every form; but we must leave the production to regale the keen spirit of partisanship to which it is addressed—and which alone can be gratified by a work so keenly acrimonious and so boldly untruthful. Ecclesiasticism on the one hand, and a delusive subjectivity on the other, are eating into the core of the churches in our day. The battles which our fathers fought are in course of being fought again—the principles for which the heroes of the Reformation struggled must once more be asserted and maintained; but as we enter not imperceptibly into the heat of the conflict, it is well to remember that the victory which they achieved is sure to be repeated. Even Heathenism could exclaim that truth was great and should prevail—how much more that form of truth which unfolds the mind of the Eternal, and which trains man's spirit into conformity with God's! What Arnold called the priestcraft-anti-christ may struggle as of old. Men may impute, as they have done, judicial blindness to Calvin, and suppose that they are restoring truth, when they are only reërecting Dagon. But the real truth is like God, eternal and unchangeable—the same yesterday, to-day and forever—and at the last, all that opposes its onward march will be taken out of the way.

From the Tribune.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

THE death of this gifted writer, which we briefly announced in yesterday's Tribune, will be heard with sincere regret. Probably no female poet in this country has been read and cherished by her own sex with a regard so familiar and affectionate. She owed her popularity to no studied effort to win the public ear—to no new and skilful tricks of authorcraft—but to the entirely natural and impulsive play of her fancy and feeling, which made her verse seem, as it really was, the true utterance of a joyous, sensitive, and sympathetic nature. Gifted with a fine ear for the mere melody of language, and with a heart susceptible to the most delicate shades of emotion, she rarely wrote, even on chance and careless themes, without touching the key note of some other heart. This it is, which has created for her a circle of admirers, who gave her, while living, a sincere and grateful appreciation, such as an author is seldom blessed with.

Mrs. Osgood was, in the genuine sense of the word, an *improvisatrice*. Poetry was to her as natural and irrepressible as song to the lark. She seemed to aim only at giving voice to passing fancies, or some feeling that craved a confidant. Of that severe and exacting art, which is the higher life of poetry, she had little knowledge. Hence, her productions (which, if collected, would make a larger volume than that of any English poetess we can now remember) are, for the most part, brief and unstudied. She had neither the passion nor the imagination which a consistent, sustained effort would have required. The highest characteristic

\* Sennebiez's Hist. Littér. de Genève, Tome i., p. 199.

of her poetry is a rare, sprightly, and exhaustless fancy, sometimes exalted for a moment, by a sudden glow of thought, to the borders of imagination, but the next instant, in some frolicsome simile, betraying that it is but fancy still. Judged by this standard, we must award to many of her poems a high degree of excellence. They can no more be subjected to the ordinary process of criticism than a thrush's carol can be measured by the laws of the music-school. She sang in happy ignorance of the study, the toil, the wrestling of thought with expression, through which alone the greater poets have attained their shining seats. The songs of the hour usually die with the hour; yet, among the many poems which Mrs. Osgood has written, there are some whose exquisite melody reveals through its smooth-flowing tide the sparkle of precious sands at the bottom. Such, we may believe, will become permanent contributions to the national literature of the present age.

Of all American female writers, Mrs. Osgood is the most truly feminine in her delineation of the affections. Without rising ever to the dignity of passion, she portrays the more tender and delicate lights and shadows of woman's heart, with an instinctive fidelity. We might instance some charming improvisations in a peculiar vein of subdued and half-capricious gayety, which can hardly be surpassed. In all her social relations, the readiness with which her buoyant and vivacious nature ran into verse, was made a source of endless amusement and pleasure. Many of her most sprightly and graceful poems were produced in this manner, with no other object than the temporary gratification of her friends, and then thrown aside and forgotten. We are told that she has, at various times, published quite as many poems under assumed signatures, as those which bear her name.

Her life, like that of most authors, contains no remarkable incidents. Her father, Mr. Joseph Locke, was a merchant of Boston, but her earlier years were spent for the most part in the village of Hingham, where her first essays in poetry were made. As a girl, under the name of "Florence," she contributed many poems to a *Juvenile Miscellany*, edited by Mrs. Child, who at once appreciated and encouraged the promise they gave. She became acquainted, in the year 1834, with Mr. Osgood, the artist, who, as he painted her portrait, won at the same time her heart. They were married soon afterward and went to London, where Mr. Osgood remained four years, in the exercise of his profession.

During his absence Mrs. Osgood's powers rapidly matured, and her contributions to different periodicals were noticed and admired. Among the English writers with whom she became acquainted, were Eliza Cook and the Hon. Mrs. Norton. In the year 1839, a volume of her poems was published in London, under the title of "*A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*." After her return to the United States, Mrs. Osgood resided principally in this city, where much of her time was devoted to literary labor. She published a very beautiful volume on the *Language of Flowers*, as well as two or three illustrated souvenirs, in addition to her contributions to the *Magazines*. Among the latter are a number of prose stories, light, graceful, and melodious in language, yet lacking the charm of her facile versification.

The last and most complete edition of her works was issued a few months ago, in one superbly illus-

trated volume. Her health, which had been delicate for some years past, began to give way last summer, during the absence of Mr. Osgood in California. As winter set in, her illness assumed the form of pulmonary consumption; she faded from day to day, with a gradual decline, which two or three months ago predicted its termination. Mr. Osgood returned early in February, with restored health, and a good share of California wealth, and the promises life held out to her seemed fairer than ever at the moment she was snatched away from their fulfilment. It is some consolation to her friends to know that her end was calm, resigned, and happy. She was about thirty-seven years of age, and leaves two daughters of the ages of ten and twelve.

As a writer, Mrs. Osgood enjoyed, while living, the full measure of her fame. The characteristic beauties of her poems were very generally appreciated, while the careless freedom of her words was so interwoven with subtle and exquisite cadences of sound, that the critical reader forgot her want of constructive power. We do not think that more severe study would have enabled her to accomplish better or more lasting things. Her nature found its appropriate expression, and any reaching after the higher forms of poetry would have checked that child-like spirit which was its greatest charm. Some of our present female writers may be awarded loftier honors, but no one, we think, will win a wider circle of friends, or leave behind her a more cherished memory.

#### LABORARE EST ORARE.

(To labor is to pray.)

BY THE LATE MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;  
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;  
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,  
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!  
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;  
Never the little seed stops in its growing;  
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,  
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship:"—the robin is singing;  
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;  
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,  
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.  
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;  
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;  
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;  
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;  
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;  
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;  
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;  
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.  
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;  
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;  
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow.  
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health!—Lo! the husbandman reaping,  
How through his veins goes the life current leap-  
ing;  
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweep-  
ing;  
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.  
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl growth;  
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;  
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;  
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are  
round thee!  
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound  
thee!  
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;  
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!  
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;  
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;  
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

CHAPTER IV.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;  
And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.—POPE.

In the evening Mrs. Danvers seemed rather tired, and the two sat over the fire a long time, without a single word being uttered; but, at last, when tea was finished, and they had both taken their work, Catherine, who had been in profound meditation all this time, began:—

“My dear Mrs. Danvers, are you rested? I have a great deal to talk to you about, if you will let me.”

“I must be very much tired, indeed, Catherine, when I do not like to hear *you* talk,” was the kind reply.

Mrs. Danvers reposed very comfortably in her arm-chair, with her feet upon a footstool before the cheerful, blazing fire; and now Catherine drew her chair closer, rested her feet upon the fender, and seemed to prepare herself for a regular confidential talk with her beloved old friend.

“My dear Mrs. Danvers, you are such a friend both of my dear mother's and mine, that I think I may without scruple open my whole heart to you upon a matter in which more than myself are concerned. If you think me wrong, stop me,” said she, laying her hand affectionately upon that of her friend's, and fixing those honest, earnest eyes of hers upon her face.

Mrs. Danvers pressed the hand, and said:—

“My love, whatever you confide to me you know is sacred; and if I can be of any assistance to you, dear girl, I think you need not scruple opening your mind; for you know I am a sort of general mother-confessor to all my acquaintance, and am as secret as such a profession demands.”

Catherine lifted up the hand; she held it, pressed it, and continued to hold it; then she looked at the fire a little while, and at last spoke.

“Did you never in your walk in life observe one evil under the sun, which appears to me to be a most crying one in many families—the undue influence exercised by, and the power allowed to, servants?”

“Yes, my dear, there are few of the minor evils—if minor it can be called—that I have thought productive of more daily discomforts than that. At times the evils assume a much greater magnitude, and are very serious indeed. Alienated hearts—divided families—property to a large amount unjustly and unrighteously diverted from its natural channel—and misery, not to be told, about old age and a dying bed.”

Catherine slightly shuddered and said:—

“I have not had an opportunity of seeing much of the world, you know; what you say is rather what I feared it might be, than what I have act-

ually observed; but I have had a sort of divination of what might in future arise. It is inexplicable to me the power a servant may gain, and the tyrannical way in which she will dare to exercise it. The unaccountable way in which those who have every title to command, may be brought to obey, is scarcely to be believed, and to me inexplicable.”

“Fear and indolence, my dear. Weak spirits and a weak body, upon the one side; on the other, that species of force which want of feeling, want of delicacy, want of a nice conscience, want even of an enlarged understanding—which rough habits and coarse perceptions bestow. Believe me, dear girl, almost as much power is obtained in this foolish world by the absence of certain qualities as by the possession of others. Silly people think it so nice and easy to govern, and so hard to obey. It requires many higher qualities, and much more rule over the spirit to command obedience than to pay it.”

“Yes, no doubt, one does not think enough of that. Jeremy Taylor, in his fine prayers, has one for a new married wife just about to enter a family—he teaches her to pray for ‘a right judgment in all things—not to be annoyed at trifles—nor discomposed by contrariety of accidents’—a spirit ‘to overcome all my infirmities, and comply with and bear with the infirmities of others—giving offence to none, but doing good to all I can’—but I think he should have added a petition for strength to rule and guide that portion of the household which fall under her immediate care, with a firm and righteous hand—not yielding feebly to the undue encroachment of others—not suffering, through indolence or a mistaken love of peace, evil habits to creep over those who look up to us and depend upon us, to their own infinite injury as well as to our own. Ah! that is the part of a woman's duty hardest to fulfil; and I almost tremble,” said the young bride elect, “when I think how heavy the responsibility; and how hard I shall find it to acquit myself as I desire.”

“In this, as in other things,” answered Mrs. Danvers, affectionately passing her hand over her young favorite's smooth and shining hair, “I have ever observed there is but one portion of real strength; one force alone by which we can move mountains. But, in that strength we assuredly are able to move mountains. Was this all that you had to say, my dear?”

“O, no—but—it is so disagreeable—yet I think—Did you ever notice how things went on at home, my dear friend?”

“Yes—a little I have. One cannot help, you know, if one stay, long in a house, seeing the relation in which the different members of a family stand to each other.”

“I thought you must have done so; that makes it easier for me—well, then, *that* was one great reason which made me so unwilling to leave mama.”

"I understand."

"There is a vast deal of that sort of tyranny exercised in our family already. Ever since I have grown up I have done all in my power to check it, by encouraging my poor, dear mama, to exert a little spirit; but she is so gentle, so soft, so indulgent, so affectionate—for even *that* comes in her way. \* \* \* She gets attached to everything around her. She cannot bear new faces, she says, and this I think the servants know, and take advantage of. They venture to do as they like, because they think it will be too painful an exertion for her to change them."

"Yes, my dear, that is exactly as things go on; not in your family alone, but in numbers that I could name if I chose. It is a very serious evil. It amounts to a sin in many households. The waste, the almost vicious luxury, the idleness that is allowed! The positive loss of what might be so much better bestowed upon those who really want it, to the positive injury of those who enjoy it! The demoralizing effect of pampered habits—the sins which are committed through the temptation of having nothing to do, will make, I fear, a dark catalogue against the masters and mistresses of families; who, because they have money in abundance, and hate trouble, allow all this misrule, and its attendant ill consequences upon their dependants. Neglecting 'to rule with diligence,' as the apostle commands us, and satisfied, provided they themselves escape suffering from the ill consequences, except as far as an overflowing, plentiful purse is concerned. Few people seem to reflect upon the mischief they may be doing to these their half-educated fellow-creatures, by such negligence."

Catherine looked very grave, almost sorrowful, at this speech—she said:

"Poor mama—but she *cannot* help it—indeed she cannot. She is all love, and is gentleness itself. The blessed one 'who thinketh no evil.' How can that Randall find the heart to tease her! as I am sure she does—though mama never complains. And then, I am afraid, indeed, I feel certain, when I am gone the evil will very greatly increase. You, perhaps, have observed," added she, lowering her voice, "that poor papa makes it particularly difficult in our family—doubly difficult. His old wounds, his injured arm, his age and infirmities, make all sorts of little comforts indispensable to him. He suffers so much bodily, and he suffers, too, so much from little inconveniences, that he cannot bear to have anything done for him in an unaccustomed way. Randall and Williams have lived with us ever since I was five years old—when poor papa came back from Waterloo almost cut to pieces. And he is so fond of them he will not hear a complaint against them—not even from mama. O! it is not her fault—poor, dear mama!"

"No, my love, such a dreadful sufferer as the poor general too often is, makes things very difficult at times. I understand all that quite well; but we are still only on the preamble of your discourse, my Catherine; something more than vain lamentation is to come of it, I feel sure."

"Yes—indeed. Dear, generous mama! She would not hear of my staying with her and giving up Edgar; nor would she listen to what he was noble enough to propose, that he should abandon his profession and come and live at the Hazels, rather than that I should feel I was tampering with my duty, for his sake—dear fellow!"

And the tears stood in Catherine's eyes.

"Nothing I could say would make her listen to

it. I could hardly be sorry for Edgar's sake. I knew what a sacrifice it would be upon his part—more than a woman ought to accept from a *lover*, I think—a man in his dotage, as one may say. Don't you think so too, ma'am?"

"Yes, my dear, indeed I do. Well, go on."

"I have been so perplexed, so unhappy, so undecided what to do—so sorry to leave this dear, generous mother to the mercy of those servants of hers—whose influence, when she is alone, and with nobody to hearten her up a little, will be so terribly upon the increase—that I have not known what to do. But to-day, whilst I was dressing for dinner, a sudden, blessed thought came into my mind—really, just like a flash of light that seemed to put everything clear at once—and it is about that I want to consult you, if you will let me. That dear Lettice Arnold!—I knew her from a child. You cannot think what a creature she is. So sensible, so cheerful, so sweet-tempered, so self-sacrificing, yet so clever, and firm, and steady, when necessary. Mama wants a daughter, and papa wants a reader and a backgammon player. Lettice Arnold is the very thing."

Mrs. Danvers made no answer.

"Don't you think so? Are you not sure? Don't you see it?" asked poor Catherine, anxiously.

"Alas! my dear, there is one thing I can scarcely ever persuade myself to do; and that is—advise any one to undertake the part of humble friend."

"O dear! O, dear! I know it's a terrible part in general; and I can't think why."

"Because neither party in general understands the nature of the relation, nor the exchange of duties it implies. For want of proper attention to this, the post of governess is often rendered so unsatisfactory to one side, and so very uncomfortable to the other; but in that case at least *something* is defined. In the part of the humble friend there is really nothing—everything depends upon the equity and good-nature of the first party, and the candor and good-will of the second. Equity not to exact too much—good-nature to consult the comfort and happiness of the dependant. On that dependant's side, candor in judging of what is exacted; and good-will cheerfully to do the best in her power to be amiable and agreeable."

"I am not afraid of mama. She will never be exacting *much*. She will study the happiness of all who depend upon her; she only does it almost too much, I sometimes think, to the sacrifice of her own comfort, and to the spoiling of them—and though papa is sometimes so suffering that he can't help being a little impatient, yet he is a perfect gentleman, you know. As for Lettice Arnold, if ever there was a person who knew 'how to make the best of it,' and sup cheerfully upon fried onions when she had lost her piece of roast kid, it is she. Besides, she is so uniformly good-natured, that it is quite a pleasure to her to oblige. The only danger between dearest mama and Lettice will be—of their quarrelling which shall give up most to the other. But, joking apart, she is a vast deal more than I have said—she is a remarkably clever, spirited girl, and shows it when she is called upon. You cannot think how discreet, how patient, yet how firm, she can be. Her parents, poor people, were very difficult to live with, and were always running wrong. If it had not been for Lettice, affairs would have got into dreadful confusion. There is that in her so *right*, such an inherent

downright sense of propriety and justice—somehow or other I am confident she will not let Randall tyrannize over mama when I am gone.”

“Really,” said Mrs. Danvers, “what you say seems very reasonable. There are exceptions to every rule. It certainly is one of mine to have as little as possible to do in recommending young women to the situation of humble friends. Yet in some cases I have seen all the comfort you anticipate arise to both parties from such a connection; and I own I never saw a fairer chance presented than the present; provided Randall is not too strong for you all; which may be feared.”

“Well, then, you do not *disadvise* me to talk to mama about it; and I will write to you as soon as I possibly can; and you will be kind enough to negotiate with Lettice if you approve of the terms. As for Randall, she shall *not* be too hard for me. Now is my hour; I am in the ascendant, and I will win this battle or perish—that is, I will tell mama I *won't* be married upon any other terms; and to have ‘Miss’ married is quite as great a matter of pride to Mrs. Randall as to that dearest of mothers,”

The contest with Mrs. Randall was as fierce as Catherine, in her worst anticipations, could have expected. She set herself most doggedly against the plan. It, indeed, militated against all her schemes. She had intended to have everything far more than ever her own way when “Miss Catherine was gone;” and though she had no doubt but that she should “keep the creature in her place,” and “teach her there was only one mistress here,” (which phrase usually means the maid, though it implies the lady,) yet she had a sort of a misgiving about it. There would be one at her (Mrs. Melwyn’s) ear as well as herself, and at, possibly, her master’s too—which was of still more importance. And then, “those sort of people are so artful and cantankerous. Oh! she’d seen enough of them in her day! Poor servants could n’t have a moment’s peace with a creature like that in the house, spying about and telling everything in the parlor. One can’t take a walk—or see a poor friend—or have a bit of comfort, but all goes up there. Well, those may put up with it who like. Here’s one as won’t, and that’s me myself; and so I shall make bold to tell Miss Catherine. General and Mrs. Melwyn must choose between me and the new-comer.”

Poor Catherine! Mrs. Melwyn cried, and said her daughter was very right; but she was sure Randall never *would* bear it. And the general, with whom Randall had daily opportunity for private converse while she bound up his shattered arm, and dressed the old wound, which was perpetually breaking out afresh and discharging splinters of bone, was easily talked into the most decided dislike to the scheme.

But Catherine stood firm. She had the support of her own heart and judgment; and the greater the difficulty, the more strongly she felt the necessity of the measure. Edgar backed her, too, with all his might. He could hardly keep down his vexation at this weakness on one side, and indignation at the attempted tyranny on the other; and he said everything he could think of to encourage Catherine to persevere.

She talked the matter well over with her father. The general was the most testy, cross, and unreasonable of old men—always out of humor, because always suffering, and always jealous of

everybody’s influence and authority, because he was now too weak and helpless to rule his family with a rod of iron, such as he, the greatest of martinets, had wielded in better days in his regiment and in his household alike. He suffered himself to be governed by Randall, and by nobody else; because, in yielding to Randall, there was a sort of consciousness of the exercise of free will. He *ought* to be influenced by his gentle wife, and clever, sensible daughter; but there was no reason on earth—but because he *chose* to do it—that he should mind what Randall said.

“I hate the whole pack of them! I know well enough what sort of a creature you’ll bring amongst us, Catherine. A whining, methodistical old maid, with a face like a hatchet, and a figure as if it had been pressed between two boards, dressed in a flimsy cheap silk, of a dingy brown color, with a cap like a grenadier’s. Your mother and she will be sitting moistening their eyes all day long over the sins of mankind; and, I’ll be bound, my own sins won’t be forgotten among them. Oh! I know the pious creatures of old. Nothing they hate like a poor old veteran, with a naughty word or two in his mouth now and then. Never talk to me, Catherine—I can’t abide such cattle.”

“Dearest papa! what a picture you *do* draw! just to frighten yourself. Why, Lettice Arnold is only about nineteen, I believe; and though she’s not particularly pretty, she’s the pleasantest looking creature you ever saw. And as for bemoaning herself over her neighbors’ sins, I’ll be bound she’s not half such a methodist as Randall.”

“Randall is a very pious, good woman, I’d have you to know, Miss Catherine.”

“I’m sure I hope she is, papa; but you must own she makes a great fuss about it. And I really believe, the habit she has of whispering and turning up the whites of her eyes, when she hears of a neighbor’s peccadillos, is one thing which sets you so against the righteous, dearest papa—now, you know it is.”

“You’re a saucy baggage. How old is this thing you’re trying to put upon us, did you say?”

“Why, about nineteen—or, perhaps, twenty. And, then, who’s to read to you, papa, when I am gone, and play backgammon? You know mama must *not* read on account of her chest—and she plays so badly, you say at backgammon—and it’s so dull, husband and wife playing, you know.” (Poor Mrs. Melwyn dreaded, of all things, backgammon—she invariably got ridiculed if she played ill—and put her husband into a passion if she beat him. Catherine had long taken this business upon herself.)

“Does she play backgammon tolerably? And can she read without drawling or galloping?”

“Just at your own pace, papa, whatever that may be. Besides, you can only try her—she’s easily sent away if you and mama don’t like her. And then think, she is a poor clergyman’s daughter;—and it would be quite a kind action.”

“A poor parson’s! It would have been more to the purpose if you had said a poor officer’s. I pay tythes enough to the black-coated gentlemen, without being bothered with their children—and who ever pays tythes to us, I wonder? I don’t see what right parsons have to marry at all—and then, forsooth, come and ask other people to take care of their brats!”

“Ah! but she’s not to be taken care of for nothing—only think what a comfort she’ll be!”

"To your mama, perhaps; but not to me. And *she's* always the first person to be considered in this house, I know, very well;—and I know very well who it is that dresses the poor old soldier's wounds, and studies his comforts—and he'll study hers—and I won't have her vexed to please any of you."

"But why should she be vexed? It's nothing to her. *She's* not to live with Lettice. And, I must say, if Randall sets herself against this measure, she behaves in a very unreasonable and unworthy manner, in my opinion."

"Hoity toity! To be sure; and who's behaving in an unreasonable and unworthy manner now, I wonder—abusing her behind her back, a worthy, attached creature, whose sole object it is to study the welfare of us all! *She's* told me so a thousand times."

"I dare say. Well, now, papa, listen to me. I'm going away from you for good—your little Catherine. Just for once, grant me this as a favor. Only try Lettice. I'm sure you'll like her; and if, after she's been here a quarter of a year, you don't wish to keep her, why part with her; and I'll promise not to say a word about it. Randall has her good qualities, I suppose, like the rest of the world; but Randall must be taught to keep her place, and that's not in this drawing-room. And it's *here* you want Lettice—not in your dressing-room. Randall shall have it all her own way *there*—and that *ought* to content her. And, besides, papa, do you know, I can't marry Edgar till you have consented, because I cannot leave mama and you with nobody to keep you company."

"Edgar and you be d—d!—Well, do as you like. The sooner you're out of the house the better. I shant have my own way till you're gone. You're a sad coaxing baggage, but you *have* a pretty face of your own, Miss Catherine."

If the debate upon the subject ran high at the Hazels, so did it in the little humble apartment which the two sisters occupied.

"A humble friend! No," cried Myra, "that I would never, never be—rather die of hunger first."

"Dying of hunger is a very horrible thing," said Lettice, quietly, "and much more easily said than done. We have not, God be thanked for it, ever been quite so badly off as that;—but I have stood near enough to the dreadful gulf to look down, and to sound its depth and its darkness. I am very thankful—deeply thankful—for this offer, which I should gladly accept—only, what is to become of you?"

"Oh! never mind me. It's the fashion now, I see, for everybody to think of *you*, and nobody to think of me. I'm not worth caring for, now those who cared for me are gone.—Oh! pray, if you like to be a domestic slave yourself, let *me* be no hindrance."

"A domestic slave!—why should I be a domestic slave? I see no slavery in the case."

"I call it slavery, whatever you may do, to have nothing to do all day but play toad-eater and flatterer to a good-for-nothing old woman; to bear all her ill-humors, and be the butt for all her caprices. That's what humble friends are expected to do, I believe—what else are they hired for?"

"I should neither toady nor flatter, I hope," said Lettice; "and as for bearing people's ill-humors, and being, now and then, the sport of their caprices—why that, as you say, is very disagreeable, yet, perhaps, it is what we must rather expect.

But, Mrs. Melwyn, I have always heard, is the gentlest of human beings. And if she is like Catherine, she must be free from caprice, and nobody could help quite loving her."

"Stuff!—love!—love!—A humble friend love her *unhumble* friend—for I suppose one must not venture to call one's mistress a tyrant.—Oh, no, a friend!—a dear friend!" in a taunting, ironical voice.

"Whomever it might be my fate to live with, I should *try* to love; for I believe, if one tries to love people, one soon finds something loveable about them—and Mrs. Melwyn, I feel sure, I should soon love very much."

"So like you!—ready to love anything and everything. I verily believe, if there was nothing else to love but the little chimney-sweeper boy, you'd fall to loving him, rather than love nobody."

"I am sure that's true enough," said Lettice, laughing; "I have more than once felt very much inclined to love the little boy who carries the soot-bag for the man who sweeps these chimneys—such a saucy-looking little sooty rogue."

"As if a person's love *could* be worth having," continued the sister, "who is so ready to love anybody."

"No, that I deny. Some few people I *do* find it hard to love."

"Me for one."

"Oh, Myra!"

"Well, I beg your pardon. You're very kind to me. But I'll tell you who it will be impossible for you to love—if such a thing can be—that's that testy, cross, old general."

"I don't suppose I shall have much to do with the old general if I go."

"If you go. Oh, you're sure to go. You're so sanguine; every new prospect is so promising. But pardon me, you seem quite to have forgotten that reading to the old general, and playing backgammon with him, are among your specified employments."

"Well, I don't see much harm in it if they are. A man can't be very cross with one when one's reading to him—and as for the backgammon, I mean to lose every game, if that will please him."

"Oh, a man can't be cross with a reader? I wish you knew as much of the world as I do, and had heard people read. Why, nothing on earth puts one in such a fidget. I'm sure I've been put into such a worry by people's way of reading, that I could have pinched them. Really Lettice, your simplicity would shame a child of five years old."

"Well, I shall do my best, and besides I shall take care to set my chair so far off that I can't get pinched, at least; and as for a poor, ailing, suffering old man being a little impatient and cross, why one can't expect to get fifty pounds a-year for just doing nothing.—I do suppose it is expected that I should bear a few of these things in place of Mrs. Melwyn; and I don't see why I should not."

"Oh, dear! Well, my love, you're quite made for the place, I see; you always had something of the spaniel in you, or the walnut-tree, or any of those things which are the better for being ill-used.—It was quite a proverb with our poor mother, 'a worm will turn, but not Lettice.'"

Lettice felt very much inclined to turn now. But the mention of her mother—that mother whose mismanagement and foolish indulgence had contributed so much to poor Myra's faults—faults for

which she now paid so heavy a penalty—silenced the generous girl, and she made no answer.

No answer, let it proceed from never so good a motive, makes cross people often more cross; though perhaps upon the whole it is the best plan.

So Myra in a still more querulous voice went on:—

“This room will be rather dismal all by one’s self, and I don’t know how I’m to go about up and down, fetch and carry, and work as you are able to do. \* \* \* I was never used to it. It comes very hard upon me.” And she began to cry.

“Poor Myra! dear Myra! don’t cry; I never intended to leave you. Though I talked as if I did, it was only in the way of argument, because I thought more might be said for the kind of life than you thought; and I felt sure if people were tolerably kind and candid, I could get along very well and make myself quite comfortable. Dear me! after such hardships as we have gone through, a little would do that. But do you think, poor, dear girl, I could have a moment’s peace, and know you were here alone? No, no.”

And so, when she went in the evening to carry her answer to Mrs. Danvers, who had conveyed to her Catherine’s proposal, Lettice said, “that she should have liked exceedingly to accept Catherine’s offer, and was sure she should have been very happy herself, and would have done everything in her power to make Mrs. Melwyn happy, but that it was impossible to leave her sister.”

“If that is your only difficulty, my dear, don’t make yourself uneasy about that. I have found a place for your sister, which I think she will like very well. It is with Mrs. Fisher, the great milliner in Dover-street, where she will be taken care of, and may be very comfortable. Mrs. Fisher is a most excellent person, and very anxious, not only about the health and comfort of those she employs, but about their good behavior and their security from evil temptation. Such a beautiful girl as your sister is, lives in perpetual danger, exposed as she is without protection in this great town.”

“But Myra has such an abhorrence of servitude, as she calls it—such an independent high spirit—I fear she will never like it.”

“It will be very good for her, whether she likes it or not. Indeed, my dear, to speak sincerely, the placing your sister out of danger in the house of Mrs. Fisher ought to be a decisive reason with you for accepting Catherine’s proposal—even did you dislike it much more than you seem to do.”

“Oh! to tell the truth, I should like the plan very much indeed—much more than I have wished to say, on account of Myra: but she never, never will submit to be ruled, I fear, and make herself happy where, of course, she must obey orders and follow regulations, whether she likes them or not. Unfortunately, poor dear, she has been so little accustomed to be contradicted.”

“Well, then, it is high time she should begin; for, contradicted, sooner or later, we all of us are certain to be. Seriously, again, my dear, good Lettice—I must call you Lettice—your innocence of heart prevents you from knowing what snares surround a beautiful young woman like your sister. I like you best, I own; but I have thought much more of her fate than yours, upon that account. Such a situation as is offered to you she evidently is quite unfit to fill; but I went—the very day Catherine and I came to your lodgings and saw you both—to my good friend, Mrs. Fisher, and, with great difficulty, have persuaded her at last to

take your sister. She disliked the idea very much; but she’s an excellent woman; and, when I represented to her the peculiar circumstances of the case, she promised she would consider the matter. She took a week to consider of it—for she is a very cautious person is Mrs. Fisher; and some people call her very cold and severe. However, she has decided in our favor, as I expected she would. Her compassion always gets the better of her prudence, when the two are at issue. And so you would not dislike to go to Mrs. Melwyn’s!”

“How could I! Why, after what we have suffered, it must be like going into Paradise.”

“Nay, nay—a little too fast. No dependant situation is ever exactly a Paradise. I should be sorry you saw things in a false light, and should be disappointed.”

“Oh, no, I do not wish to do that—I don’t think—thank you for the great kindness and interest you are so kind as to show by this last remark—but I think I never in my life enjoyed one day of unmixed happiness since I was quite a little child; and I have got so entirely into the habit of thinking that everything in the world goes so—that when I say Paradise, or quite happy, or so on, it is always in a certain sense—a comparative sense.”

“I am glad to see you so reasonable—that is one sure way to be happy; but you will find your crosses at the Hazels. The general is not very sweet-tempered; and even dear, mild Mrs. Melwyn is not perfect.”

“Why, madam, what am I to expect? If I cannot bear a few disagreeable things, what do I go there for? Not to be fed, and housed, and paid at other people’s expense, just that I may please my own humors all the time. That would be rather an unfair bargain, I think. No; I own there are some things I could not and would not bear for any consideration; but there are a great many others that I can, and I shall, and I will—and do my best, too, to make happy, and be happy; and, in short, I don’t feel the least afraid.”

“No more you need—you right-spirited creature,” said Mrs. Danvers, cordially.

Many were the difficulties, endless the objections raised by Myra against the proposed plan of going to Mrs. Fisher. Such people’s objections and difficulties are indeed endless. In their weakness and their selfishness, they *like* to be objects of pity—they take a comfort in bothering and wearying people with their interminable complaints. Theirs is not the sacred outbreak of the overloaded heart—casting itself upon another heart for support and consolation under suffering that is too strong and too bitter to be endured alone. Sacred call for sympathy and consolation, and rarely made in vain! It is the wearying and futile attempt to cast the burden of sorrow and suffering upon others, instead of seeking their assistance in enduring it one’s self. Vain and useless endeavor, and which often bears hard upon the sympathy even of the kindest and truest hearts!

Ineffectually did Lettice endeavor to represent matters under a cheerful aspect. Nothing was of any avail. Myra would persist in lamenting, and grieving, and tormenting herself and her sister; bewailing the cruel fate of both—would persist in recapitulating every objection which could be made to the plan, and every evil consequence which could possibly ensue. Not that she had the slightest intention in the world of refusing her share in

it, if she would have suffered herself to say so. She rather liked the idea of going to that fashionable *modiste*, Mrs. Fisher: she had the "*âme de dentelle*" with which Napoleon reproached poor Josephine. There was something positively delightful to her imagination in the idea of dwelling among rich silks, Brussels laces, ribbons and feathers; it was to her what woods, and birds, and trees were to her sister. She fancied herself elegantly dressed, walking about a show-room, filled with all sorts of beautiful things; herself, perhaps, the most beautiful thing in it, and the object of a sort of flattering interest, through the melancholy cloud "upon her fine features." Nay, her romantic imagination travelled still further—gentlemen sometimes come up with ladies to show-rooms—who could tell? Love at first sight was not altogether a dream. Such things *had* happened \* \* \* Myra had read plenty of old rubbishy novels when she was a girl.

Such were the comfortable thoughts she kept to herself; but it was, as I said, one endless complaining externally.

Catherine insisted upon being allowed to advance the money for the necessary clothes, which, to satisfy the delicacy of the one and the pride of the other, she agreed should be repaid by instalments as their salaries became due. The sale of their few possessions put a sovereign or so into the pocket of each, and thus the sisters parted; the lovely Myra to Mrs. Fisher's, and Lettice by railway to the Hazels.

#### CHAPTER V.

Since trifles make the sum of human things \* \*  
O! let the ungentle spirit learn from thence,  
A small unkindness is a great offence;  
Large favors to bestow we strive in vain,  
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

HANNAH MORE.

If Lettice had made her reflections, and had started upon her new undertaking with a heart yearning with the desire to perform its duties well, Mrs. Melwyn had not been without undergoing a somewhat similar process upon her side, and this was her course of thought:—

"She had at first felt the utmost dislike to the plan.

"She had in the course of her life seen so much discomfort and dissatisfaction arise upon both sides from this sort of connection, that she had taken up quite a prejudice against anything of the sort.

"It was a very great pity," she often said to herself, "that so it should be, but the case was almost universal. If it could be otherwise, what desirable connections might be formed in a world such as the present! Such numbers of women of all ages, and all degrees of mental qualifications, find themselves suddenly without resource, through the accident of early death in the case of the professions, or of disaster in commercial life; and so many others, through disease or advanced age, or the still more cruel stroke of death, find themselves stranded, lonely, and deserted, and languishing for a fire-side friend. What comfortable, beneficial unions might be brought about in such cases, one should think; and yet why did they never or seldom turn out well?

"Faults there must be. Where did they lie?—On both sides," answered her understanding. "Not surely alone upon the side of the new comer—the paid one, consequently the obliged one, consequently the only one of the parties who had

duties that she was pledged to perform, and which it is true she too often very imperfectly performed—but also upon the other. She, it is true, is pledged to nothing but the providing meat, lodging, and salary; but that will not dispense her from obligations as a Christian, and as a member of the universal sisterhood, which are not quite so easily discharged.

"It must double the difficulty to the new comer," thought Mrs. Melwyn, "the being treated so carelessly as she too often is. How hard it must be to perform duties such as hers, if they are not performed in love! and how impossible it must be to love in such a case—unless we meet with love. Even to be treated with consideration and kindness will not suffice upon the one side, nor the most scrupulous endeavor to discharge duty upon the other—people must try to love.

"How soothing to a poor, deserted orphan to be taken to the heart! How sweet to forlorn old age to find a fresh object of affection! Ah, but then these sort of people seem often so disagreeable, do one's best one cannot love or like them! But why do they seem so disagreeable! Partly because people will overlook nothing—have no mutual indulgence in relations which require so much. If one's child has little ways one does not quite like, who thinks of hating her for it? If one's mother is a little provoking and tedious under the oppressive weight of years or sickness, who thinks of making a great hardship of it? But, if the poor, humble friend is only a little awkward or ungainly, she is odious; and if the poor, deserted mother or widow, wife, or aged suffering creature, is a little irritable or tedious, she is *such* a tyrant!

"O how I wish! \* \* \* \*

"Well, Catherine is a sensible, well-judging creature, and she assures me this Miss Arnold is a remarkably sweet-tempered, affectionate, modest, judicious girl. Why should I not try to make such a being love me? Why should we not be very happy together! There is Randall, to be sure, sets herself extremely against it; but, as Catherine says, 'is Randall to be mistress in this family, or am I?' It is come quite to that point. And then it will be a great thing to have somebody between me and Randall. She will not be so necessary to me then, whatever she may be to the general; and when she makes herself so disagreeable, if this young lady is as comfortable to me as Catherine says she will be, I really shall not so much care.

"Then," continuing her meditations, which, though I put down in black and white, were *thought*, not spoken, "then, Catherine says she is so greatly to be pitied, and is so exemplary; and she said, in her darling, coaxing way, 'dear mama, it will give you so much pleasure to make the poor thing a little amends for all her hardships, and if poor papa is a little cross at times, it will be quite an interest to you to contrive to make up for it. She will be quite a daughter to you, and, in one respect, you will have more pleasure in making her happy than even in your own loving daughter, because one is dear from our natural affections, and the other will be so from generous beneficence; and though natural affection is such a sweet, precious, inestimable thing, generous beneficence is yet nobler, and brings us still nearer to God.'

"If I could make her love me!—and with such an affectionate temper why should I not! She wants a parent, I want a child. If I study her happiness disinterestedly, kindly, truly, she cannot

help loving me; but I will not even think of myself, I will try to study *her* good, *her* well-being; and I will let the love for me come or not, as it may, and God will help me. He always does help me—when I have the courage to dare to forget myself, and leave the issues of things to his providence.”

Such were the dispositions upon both sides with which the two met. But the best resolutions win no battle. They are part, and a very serious part, of every undertaking, but they are far from being all. We are so imperfect ourselves, and we have to do with such imperfect beings, that evils and difficulties, unexpected, are sure to arise in our communication with others, even when both sides meet with the very best intentions; therefore, whoever intends to carry out such good intentions and make a right piece of work of it, must calculate upon these things, just as the mechanic is obliged to make a large allowance for unavoidable obstructions in carrying out any of his theories into action and reality—into useful every-day working order.

In due time a fly from the railway—one of those dirty hired carriages which are the disgrace of England—deposited Miss Arnold and her luggage at the door of General Melwyn’s handsome mansion of the Hazels, and in all due form and order she was introduced into the dining-room. It was between six and seven o’clock in the evening when she entered the very handsomely furnished apartment, where, over a half-and-half sort of fire—it having been rather a warm February day—sat the general and his lady.

Lettice was tired, heated, and red with the jumbling of the railway, the bother at the station, and the knocking about in the very uneasy carriage in which she had come up; and she felt in that disagreeable sort of journey disorder of toilette, which makes people feel and look so awkward. But she put the best face upon the matter, and entering, made a very respectful curtsy to Mrs. Melwyn, who met her holding out her hand; and with her face and appearance Lettice felt charmed in a moment. Mrs. Melwyn, who did not want penetration, saw that in Lettice, spite of present disadvantages, which she was sure she should like very much. Not so the general. He was a perfect fool of the eye, as military men are too apt to be. Whatever was awkward or ill-dressed, was perfectly abhorrent to him; and he took a dislike to “the creature” the moment he cast his eyes upon her.

It seemed but an unpromising beginning.

The heart of poor Lettice sank within her in a way she was little accustomed to, as the general, in a very pettish mood, stirred the fire, and said, “When *are* we to have dinner, Mrs. Melwyn? What *are* we waiting for? Will you never teach that cook of yours to be punctual?”

“It is not her fault, indeed,” was the answer, in a low, timid voice; “I ventured to order dinner to be put off half an hour to suit the railway time.”

The general was too well-bred to utter what he very plainly looked—that to have been thus kept waiting for Miss Arnold he thought a very unwarrantable proceeding indeed.

He stirred up the fire with additional vigor—made it blaze fiercely—then complained of these abominable coals, which burned like touchwood, and had no heat in them, and wondered whether Mrs. Melwyn would ever have the energy to order sea-borne coal, as he had desired; and then, casting a most ungracious look at the new comer, who

stood during this scene, feeling shocked and uncomfortable to a degree, he asked Mrs. Melwyn “how long she intended to keep the young lady standing there before she dressed for dinner?” and suggested that the housemaid should be sent for, to show her to her room.

“I will take that office upon myself,” said Mrs. Melwyn. “Come, Miss Arnold, will you follow me?” And lighting a candle, for it was now dark, she proceeded towards the door.

“For heaven’s sake, don’t be long!” said her husband, in an irritable tone; “It’s striking six and three quarters. Is dinner to be upon the table at seven o’clock, or is it not?”

“Punctually.”

“Then, Miss—Miss—I beg your pardon—and Mrs. Melwyn, I *hope* you will be ready to take your usual place at table.”

They heard no more; for Mrs. Melwyn closed the door with the air of one escaping—and looking uncomfortable and half frightened led the way upstairs.

It was a pretty, cheerful little room of which she opened the door; and a pleasant fire was blazing in the grate. The bed was of white dimity, trimmed with a border of colored chintz, as were the window-curtains; the carpet quite new, and uncommonly pretty; chairs, dressing-table, writing-table, all very neat and elegant; and the tables comfortably covered, each with its proper appendages.

It was quite a pretty little den.

Mrs. Melwyn had taken much pleasure in the fitting up of this small room, which was next to her own dressing-room. She had fancied herself going to receive into it a second Catherine; and though the very moderate amount of money of which she had the power of disposing as she pleased, and the noisy remonstrances and objections of Randall, had prevented her indulging in many pretty fancies which would have amused and occupied her pleasantly since the dismal day of Catherine’s wedding, still she had persisted, contrary to her wont, in having in some degree her own way. So, in spite of all Randall could do, she had discarded the ugly old things—which the lady’s maid excessively jealous of this new comer, declared were more than too good for such as her—and had substituted this cheerful simplicity; and the air of freshness and newness cast over everything rendered it particularly pleasing.

“What a beautiful little room!” Lettice could not help exclaiming, looking excessively delighted. She liked pretty things and elegant little comforts as well as anybody, did Lettice, though they seldom fell to her share, because she was always for giving them up to other people.

“Do you like it, my dear?” said Mrs. Melwyn, in what Lettice thought the sweetest, softest voice she had ever heard. “I have taken great pleasure in getting it ready for you; I shall be glad, indeed, if you can make yourself happy in it.”

“Happy! Who could help being happy in such a paradise?” “And with such a sweet, gentle, charming person as Mrs. Melwyn,” mentally added Lettice. “What matters it how cross the poor old general is,” thought she.

“But, my dear, I don’t see your trunks. Will you ring for them? The general must not be kept waiting for his dinner, and he cannot endure those who sit down at his table either to be too late, or not to be in an evening dress. Military men, you know, are so used to this sort of precision, that they expect it from all around them. You will remember

another day, my dear, and"—then the under housemaid opened the door. "Tell them to bring up Miss Arnold's trunks directly."

*Them.*

She did not at that moment exactly know which was the proper servant whose office it ought to be to carry Miss Arnold's trunks. Miss Arnold was an anomaly. There was no precedent. Not a servant in this family would stir without a precedent. The trunk was probably too heavy for the under housemaid to carry up—that under housemaid, one of the fags of an establishment like this, kept merely to do what the upper servants are too fine to do. In households like the one before us, you must have two in every department—there is a chance then, if you want anything done, you may get it done. The under servant is always, as I said, a sort of fag or slave in the eyes of the upper ones. They will *allow* her to make herself useful, though it should not be exactly *her place*. Mrs. Melwyn had provided for the attendance upon Miss Arnold by having recourse to this said under housemaid, and adding a couple of sovereigns to her wages, unknown to Randall, but she had forgotten the carrying up of her trunk. Had it been Catherine, this would have been done as a matter of course by the two footmen, and she had a sort of faint hope they would do it of course now. But she did not like to ask such a thing, so she said "*them*;" hoping somebody would answer to it some way or other, but,—

"Who?" asked Bridget, bringing the matter to a point.

"Why, I am sure I don't exactly know. Who is there below? I suppose you could not carry them up yourself, Bridget?"

"I am afraid not, ma'am; there's only one trunk, and it looks heavy."

"O!" cried Lettice, "I can come and help you. We can carry it up together, for Myra and I carried it down together." And she was quitting the room. But Mrs. Melwyn laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"No, my dear, upon no account; Bridget, fetch up the gardener's boy; he'll help you to carry the trunk up."

Mrs. Melwyn looked excessively annoyed and distressed: Lettice could not imagine what could be the matter.

The gentle, kind lady seemed nervous and embarrassed. At last, evidently making a very great effort with herself, she got out, "Excuse me, my dear, but there is a little thing . . . I would rather not, if you please . . . servants are so insolent; you know they are ill brought up; if you please, my dear, it will be better *not* to offer to do things for yourself, which young ladies don't usually undertake to do; such as carrying up trunks. And then, I think, it will be better not to allude to past circumstances; servants are apt to have such a contempt for people that have not been very rich. It's very strange and wrong, but so it is. You will be more comfortable, I think, if you maintain your own dignity. I hope you will not be hurt at me for giving you this little hint, Miss Arnold."

"Hurt! O, madam!" And Lettice could not forbear taking up the beautiful white hand of this most fair and delicate woman, and kissing it with the most respectful reverence. "Whatever you will be so very kind as to suggest to me I will so carefully attend to, and I shall be so much obliged to you."

How sweet was this gentle manner to poor Mrs.

Melwyn! She began to feel lightened from quite a load of anxiety. She began to believe, that happen what would, she should never be *afraid* of Lettice. "Catherine was quite right; O, what a comfort it would be!"

"Well, then," she continued with more cheerfulness, "I will go away and see that your things are sent up to you, for there is no time to be lost. Bless me! it's striking seven. You never *can* be ready. O, here it comes! I forgot to tell you that Bridget is to answer your bell and wait upon you. I have settled all that—you will find her quite good-natured and attentive; she's really an obliging girl."

And so she was. The upper housemaid took care to preserve strict discipline, and exact prompt obedience in her own department, whatever the mistress of the mansion might do in hers.

"Well, then, I will leave you and make your excuses to the general, and you will follow me to the dining-room as soon as you can. We must not keep dinner waiting any longer. You will excuse that ceremony, I am sure. The general is an invalid you know, and these matters are important to his health."

And so saying, she glided away, leaving Lettice almost too much astonished to be delighted with all this consideration and kindness—things to which she had been little accustomed. But the impression she received upon the whole was very sweet. The face and manner of Mrs. Melwyn were so excessively soft; her very dress, the color of her hair, her step, her voice; everything spoke so much gentleness; Lettice thought her the loveliest being she had ever met with. More charming even than Catherine—more attaching even than Mrs. Danvers. She felt very much inclined to adore her.

She was but a very few hours longer in the house before pity added to this rising feeling of attachment; and I believe there is nothing attaches the inferior to the superior like pity.

Dressed in one of her best new dresses, and with her hair done up as neatly as she possibly could in that hurry, Lettice made her way to the dining-room.

It was a large, lofty, very handsome, and rather awfully *resounding* room, with old family pictures upon every side. There was a sideboard set out sparkling with glass and plate; a small table in the middle of the apartment, with silver covers and dishes shining in the light of four wax candles; a blazing fire, a splendid Indian screen before the door; two footmen in liveries of pink and white, and a gentleman in a black suit, waiting. The general and Mrs. Melwyn were seated opposite to each other at table.

The soup had been already discussed, and the first course was set upon the table when Miss Arnold entered.

Had she been a young lady born, an obsequious footman would have been ready to attend her to her seat and present her with a chair; as it was, she would have been spared this piece of etiquette, and she was making her way to her chair without missing the attention, when the general, who observed his saucy footmen standing lounging about, without offering to move forward, frowned in what Lettice thought a most alarming way, and said in a stern voice, and significant manner, "What are you about?" to the two footmen. "This piece of attention was bestowed upon her to her surprise and to Mrs. Melwyn's great satisfaction."

"We thought you would excuse us. The soup has been set aside for you," said the lady of the house.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am, pray don't trouble yourself."

"Give Miss Arnold soup!" again in a stern, authoritative voice from the general. Mrs. Melwyn was used to the sternness, and most agreeably surprised at the politeness, and quite grateful for it. Lettice thought the voice and look too terrible to take pleasure in anything connected with it.

She had no need to feel gratitude either—it was not done out of consideration for her. The general, who, with the exception of Randall, kept, as far as he was concerned, every servant in the utmost subservience, did not choose that any one who had the honor of a seat at his table should be neglected by those "rascals," as he generally styled his footmen.

It being the first evening, Mrs. Melwyn had too much politeness to require Miss Arnold to enter upon those after-dinner duties, the performance of which had been expressly stipulated for by Catherine; stipulated for, not only with Lettice, but with the general himself. She had made her father promise that he would suffer this young lady to undertake the place of reader—which Catherine had herself filled for some time, to the inexpressible relief of her mother—and that Miss Arnold should be permitted to try whether she could play well enough at backgammon to make an adversary worth vanquishing.

He had grumbled and objected, as a matter of course, to this arrangement, but had finally consented. However, he was not particularly impatient to begin; and besides, he was habitually a well-bred man, so that any duty which came under his category of good manners he punctually performed. People are too apt to misprize this sort of politeness of mere habit; yet, as far as it goes, it is an excellent thing. It enhances the value of a really kind temper, in all the domestic relations, to an incalculable degree—a degree little appreciated by some worthy people, who think roughness a proof of sincerity, and that rudeness marks the honest truth of their affections. And where there is little kindness of nature, and a great deal of selfishness and ill-tempered indulgence, as in this cross old man before us, still the habit of politeness was not without avail; it kept him in a certain check, and certainly rendered him more tolerable. He was not quite such a brute bear as he would have been, left to his uncorrected nature.

Politeness is, and ought to be, a habit so confirmed, that we exercise it instinctively—without consideration, without attention, without effort, as it were; this is the very essence of the sort of politeness I am thinking of. It takes it out of the category of the virtues, it is true, but it places it in that of the qualities; and, in some matters, good qualities are almost as valuable, almost more valuable, than if they still continued among the virtues—and this of politeness, in my opinion, is one.

By virtues I mean acts which are performed with a certain difficulty, under the sense of responsibility to duty under the self-discipline of right principle; by qualities, I mean what is spontaneous. Constitutional good qualities are spontaneous. Such as natural sweetness of temper—natural delicacy of feeling—natural intrepidity; others are the result of habit, and end by being spontaneous—by being a second nature; justly are habits called so.

Gentleness of tone and manner—attention to conventional proprieties—to people's little wants and feelings—are of these. This same politeness being a sort of summary of such, I will end this little didactic digression by advising all those who have the rearing of the young in their hands, carefully to form them in matters of this description, so that they shall attain *habits*—so that the delicacy of their perceptions, the gentleness of their tones and gestures, the propriety of their dress, the politeness of their manners, shall become spontaneous acts, done without reference to self, as things of course. By which means, not only much that is disagreeable to others is avoided, and much that is amiable attained, but a great deal of reference to self is in after life escaped; and temptations to the faults of vanity—pride—envious comparisons with our neighbors, and the feebleness of self-distrust very considerably diminished.

And so, to return, the politeness of the general and Mrs. Melwyn led to this result, the leaving Miss Arnold undisturbed to make her reflections and her observations, before commencing the task which Mrs. Melwyn, for the last time, undertook for her, of reading the newspaper and playing the hit.

Lettice could not help feeling rejoiced to be spared this sort of public exhibition of her powers, till she was in a slight degree better acquainted with her ground; and she was glad to know, without being directly told, what it was customary to do in these respects. But in every other point of view, she had better, perhaps, have been reader than listener. For, if she gained a lesson as to the routine to be followed, she paid for it by receiving, at the same time, a considerably alarming impression of the general's ways of proceeding.

"Shall I read the newspaper this evening?" began Mrs. Melwyn, timidly.

"I don't care if you do," roughly.

"Polite men, be it observed, *en passant*, do not at all make it a rule to exercise that habit to their wives. The wife is a thing apart from the rest of the world, out of the category of such proprieties. To be rude to his wife is no impeachment of a man's gentleman-like manners at all.

"Is there anything worth reading in it?"

"I am sure I don't know what you will think worth reading. Shall I begin with the leading article?"

"What is it all about?"

"I am sure I can't say."

"Can't you look?"

"The sugar question, I think."

"Well, what has the fool to say about that?"

"The speech of Lord \*\*\*\* last night upon the much discussed subject of the sugar question, has no doubt been read and commented upon, in their various ways, and according to their different impressions—shall we say prejudices?—by our readers. The performance, it is upon all hands agreed, was masterly, and, as far as eloquence is concerned, that the accomplished statesman who uttered this remarkable speech did only justice to \* \* \*"

"Well—well—well—well," in a sneering tone—"I really do wonder how long you could go on droning and dinning, and dinning and droning such palpably empty editorial nonsense as that into a man's ears. Now I would be glad to ask you—merely to ask you, as a rational woman, Mrs. Melwyn—what possible amusement or profit can be drawn from a long exordium which says absolutely

nothing—tells one absolutely nothing but what every one knew before—stuff with which all editors of newspapers seem to think it necessary to preface their remarks. What in the name of — is the use of wasting your breath and my patience—can't you skip!—Are you a mere reading machine, madam?"

"Shall I pass on to the next subject?"

"No, that's not my meaning—if you could take a meaning. What I want is only what every rational person expects when these confounded lucubrations of a stupid newspaper editor are read up—that the reader will have the sense to leave all these useless phrases and useless syllables out, and give the pith and marrow to the listener. Well—well, never mind—if you can't, you can't; get on at all events."

Mrs. Melwyn colored faintly, looked nervous and uneasy—glanced down the columns of the newspaper, and hesitated.

"Well—can't you go on? What's the use of sitting there, looking like a child of six years old, who's afraid of being whipped? If you can't, you can't—if you have n't the sense, you have n't; but for — sake get on."

"Mr. \*\*\*\* rose, and in a manner upon which we cannot exactly bestow our approbation, but which nevertheless seemed to us in an unaccountable manner to obtain the ear and the attention of a very crowded house, &c., &c., &c."

"There you are again! why the deuce can't you pass over all that, and tell us what the confounded blockheads on that side did really say?"

"I read this debate to you yesterday, you know. These are only the editor's remarks upon it. Shall I give you the summary of last night's debate?"

"No, let's hear what the fool says upon this cursed sugar question. He's against the measure, that's one comfort."

"He does not seem to be so exactly," glancing down the page.

"I'll take the liberty of judging that matter myself, Mrs. Melwyn, if you'll only be so particularly obliging as to read on."

Which she did; now reproached for reading in such a low, clattering manner, with that d—d soft voice of hers, that it was impossible to hear; and when she raised it, asked, "What the deuce was the use of shouting so as to be heard by the fellows in the servants' hall?"

In this style, the newspaper was at last, for better for worse, blundered through, in the most uncomfortable manner possible, by the terrified reader.

Lettice sat by, deeply attentive. She was a brave, high-spirited girl, and she did not feel dismayed: her predominant sentiment was self-congratulation that she should be able to spare that sweet, soft, kind Mrs. Melwyn the ungrateful task.

She sat observing, and laying down her own plans of proceeding. It was not the first time in her life she had been exposed to what is called scolding; a thing every day, I verily believe—and am most happy to do so—going more and more out of fashion, though still retained, as a *habit*, by many people otherwise well-meaning enough. It was retained in its full vigor by the general, who was not well-meaning at all; he usually meaning nothing on earth by what he did, but the indulgence of the present humor, good, bad, or indifferent. Lettice had lived in a sphere of life where this sort of domestic violence used to be very common; and she had learned to bear it, even from

the lips of those she loved, with patience. She knew this very well, and she thought to herself, "If I could get into the habit of hardly caring for it from those very near and dear to me, surely it will be easy enough to meet it with indifference from a poor, cross, peevish, suffering old man, whom I don't care for in the least. The way must be, to get into the habit of it from the first, to let the words

Pass by me as the idle wind, which I regard not.

I must put all my vanity, all my spirit, all my own little tempers, quietly out of the way; and never trouble myself with what he says, but go reading on in the best way I can, to please him, but with the most unruffled outward appearance of tranquillity; and the utmost secret indifference as to whether I succeed or not. He shall be sooner tired of scolding than I of looking as if I never heard it. He'll give over if I can persevere, instead of looking all colors and all ways, as that dear, gentle Mrs. Melwyn does."

The trial at backgammon was, if such a thing could be, worse. It seemed as if it was impossible to give satisfaction here. The general not only played his own game, but insisted upon playing that of his adversary; and was by turns angry at her stupidity in missing an advantage through want of skill, asking "what could be the possible interest or pleasure of playing with such a mere child?" and vexed if the plan he pointed out ended in his own discomfiture—for he could not bear to lose.

Backgammon, too, was an unlucky game to be played with one of a temper such as his. Every favorable throw of the dice, it is true, filled him with a disagreeable sarcastic exultation; but a positively bad one, and still more, a succession of bad ones, drove him furious. After a long course of provoking throws, such as sometimes happen, he would seem half mad, storm, curse, and swear, in the most ridiculous, if it had not been blasphemous, manner; and sometimes end by banging the tables together, and vowing he would never play at this confounded game again as long as he lived.

There was an exhibition of this sort that very evening. Mrs. Melwyn looked much distressed, and almost ashamed, as she glanced at Lettice to see how she took it; but Lettice appeared to be too much engaged with a knot in her netting to seem to take it at all, which evidently relieved Mrs. Melwyn. The scene had not, however, been lost upon our friend, who had observed it with a smile of secret contempt; mentally, however, congratulating herself upon her good, robust nerves; such things, she well knew, being perilous to those cursed with delicacy of that sort. The best endeavors, the best intentions, would be without avail in such cases; such sufferers would find their powers of endurance destroyed by these successive acts of violence, till it would be impossible to meet them tolerably. Again she looked at Mrs. Melwyn, and with great pity. Again she rejoiced in the idea of saving her from what she perceived was, indeed, to such a frame and temper as hers, a source of very great suffering; and again she resolved to keep up her own spirits, and maintain the only true defence, courage and indifference. She felt sure, if she could only, by a little effort, do this for a short time, the effort would terminate in a habit; after which it would cost her little or nothing more.

The general, though polite to Lettice in their first communications, held her in far too little esteem to care one do it what he did or said before her. He was an excessively proud man; and the idea that a girl, so greatly his inferior in every way, should keep him in check, or venture even to make a remark upon him, far less presume to judge his conduct, never entered his head. I wonder what he would have felt, if he could have been made aware of that secret smile?

Now a tray with wine, spirits, and water, was introduced. The general took his accustomed glass of whiskey and water, then opened his cigar-box, and began to smoke. This process invariably made Mrs. Melwyn feel rather sick, and she rose this evening to go away; but being asked what she was moving for, she resumed her seat, and sat till two cigars had been smoked, and the clock told half past ten; when, as the general loved early hours, she was suffered to take her departure.

The servant entered with lighted candles. Mrs. Melwyn took one, and bade him give Miss Arnold another; and they went up stairs together.

"Good night, my dear," said the lady of the house, with a wearied, worn air, and a tone in which there was a good deal of sadness.

She never could get used to these scenes, poor thing; every time the general was cross she felt it acutely; he had grown dreadfully cross since Catherine married. Mrs. Melwyn hardly knew what to do with him, or how to bear it.

"Good night, my dear—I hope you will sleep comfortably."

"Can I be of any further use to you, madam, to-night?"

"O, no, thank you; don't come into my dressing-room—Randall is very particular: she considers *that* her own territory. She does not like any one to come in, especially at night; but just let me look whether your fire burns," she added, entering Lettice's room.

The fire was blazing merrily; Mrs. Melwyn put her candle down upon the chimney-piece, and stood there a little while before it, looking again irresolute. It seemed as if she wished, and did not know how, to say something. Lettice stood at a short distance, respectfully expectant.

"I declare it's very cold to-night," with a little shiver.

"I did not feel it cold, but then this is so thoroughly comfortable a house."

"Do you think so? Shall you find it so? The wind comes sharply down the passages sometimes, but I wish—I hope you won't care much for that—or—any little painful things; they can't be helped, you know, in this world."

"Ah, madam! if I may venture to say so, there is one good thing one gets out of great hardships—little things do seem so *very* little afterwards."

"Ay, if they are really little, but—"

"Things that are—that don't seem little to people of more gentle nurture, who have lived in a different way, seem, and are, little to those who have roughed it till they are themselves roughened. That was what I intended to say. One is so very happy to escape dreadful, real, positive distress, that all the rest is like mere play."

Mrs. Melwyn looked at her in a pensive, anxious, inquiring manner. She wanted to see if she was understood; she saw that she was. She saw something truly heartening and encouraging in the young girl's countenance. She shook hands with her and bade her good night very affectionately, and went to

her own dressing-room. Randall was as cross that night as it was possible for the most tyrannical servant to be, but, some way or other, Mrs. Melwyn did not feel as if she cared for it *quite* so much as usual; she had her mind filled with the image of Lettice. Something so very nice about her, she thought to herself—in one respect even better than Catherine. She should not be so afraid of her being distressed by disagreeable things; she should venture to tell her about Randall, and other vexations which she had carefully concealed from Catherine, lest they should make her unhappy. Thus she represented it to herself: the truth was, lest Catherine should make a point of Randall being parted with, an effort she knew herself quite incompetent to make.

She should be able to complain of Randall, without feeling that she should be urged to conquer her weakness, and part with her. There was something very comfortable in this; so Randall pouted away, and Mrs. Melwyn heeded it not very much, not nearly so much as usual; and when Randall perceived this, she was excessively offended, and more and more cross and disagreeable. She had quite quickness enough to perceive how much her despotism must be weakened by the rule being thus divided, and she saw even so early something of the effects she deprecated. The observation, however, did not tend to soften her or to render her more obliging, it was not the least in her plan to contend with the new comer in this way; she meant to meet her, and her mistress, with open defiance, and bear both down by main force.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Cowards die many times before their death.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE courage of Lettice, as I have told you, was strong, and her nerves good, but in spite of this, assisted by the best resolutions in the world, she *did* find it a hard matter to stand the general. She was very hopeful the first day or two—the habitual politeness, of which I have spoken, came in aid. It exercised a sort of instinctive and involuntary check upon the old man's rude intemperance of language when irritated. Lettice did her very best to read the newspaper to his satisfaction; skipping every unnecessary word, just as Catherine had been accustomed to do, without hurting the sense in the least; and getting over the ground with all the rapidity the old veteran desired. This was a plan poor Mrs. Melwyn was far too nervous to adopt. If she missed a word it was sure to be the wrong one to miss—one necessary to, instead of encumbering, the meaning. It was quite indispensable that she should read simply and straightforwardly what was put before her, or she was certain to get into confusion, and have herself scolded. Even the dreaded and dreadful backgammon did tolerably well, whilst the general's politeness to the stranger lasted. Lettice was surprised herself to find how easily the task, which had appeared so awful, was discharged; but she had not long to congratulate herself. Gradually—at first by slow degrees, but afterwards like the accelerated descent of a stone down the hill—acquired habit gave way to constitutional ill-humor. Alas, they tell us nature expelled with a pitchfork will make her way back again; most true of the unregenerated nature—most true of the poor blind heathen—or the poor untutored Christian, to all intents and purposes a

heathen—too true even of those assisted by better considerations, higher principles, and higher aids.

First it was a little low grumbling; then a few impatient gestures; then a few impatient words—words became sentences;—sentences of invective—soon it was with her just as it had been with others. This graduated progression assisted, however, gradually to harden and prepare her. She was resolved not to look frightened, though her very knees would knock together at times. She was determined never to allow herself to feel provoked or hurt, or ill-used, let the general be ever so rude; and to soften her heart by any such ideas she never allowed herself. Steadily she kept in mind that he was a suffering, ill-disciplined, irritable old man; and, by keeping these considerations in view, she actually achieved the most difficult—almost heroic effort. She managed to attain a frame of mind in which she could pity his sufferings, feel indulgence for his faults, and remain quite placid under their effects as regarded herself.

This conduct before a very long time had elapsed produced an effect far more agreeable than she had ever ventured to anticipate.

The general began to like her.

Like many other cross people, he was excessively difficult to be pleased in one article—the way people took his scoldings. He was offended if they were received with cheerfulness—in the way Edgar had tried to laugh them off; he was still more vexed if people seemed hurt or suffering under them; if they cried, it was bad indeed. Like many others not absolutely wicked and cruel, though he could not control his temper, he really did feel vexed at seeing the pain he had produced. His conscience would cry out a little at such times. Now, nothing made him so uncomfortable and irritable, as having a quarrel with his conscience; a thing that did not very often happen, to be sure—the said conscience being in his case not a very watchful guardian, but it was all the more disagreeable when it spoke. The genuine good temper and habitual self-possession—the calmness without disrespect—the cheerfulness without carelessness—the respectful attention stripped of all meanness or subservience which Lettice managed to preserve in her relations with him—at last made its way quite to his heart—that is to say, to his taste or fancy, for I don't think he had much of a heart. He began to grow quite fond of her, and one day delighted, as much as he surprised, Mrs. Melwyn, by saying that Miss Arnold really was a very pretty sort of young woman, and he thought suited them very well. And so the grand difficulty of managing with the general's faults was got over, but there remained Mrs. Melwyn's and the servants'.

Lettice had never laid her account at finding any faults in Mrs. Melwyn. That lady, from the first moment she beheld her, had quite won her heart. Her elegance of appearance, the dove-like softness of her countenance, the gentle sweetness of her voice, all conspired to make the most charming impression. Could their lie anything under that sweet outside, but the gentlest and the most indulgent of tempers?

No, she was right there, nothing could be more gentle, more indulgent, than was Mrs. Melwyn's temper; and Lettice had seen so much of the rough, the harsh, the captious, and the unamiable, during her life, that, grant her the existence of those two qualities, and she could scarcely desire anything

more. She had yet to learn what are the evils which attend the timid and the weak.

She had yet to know that there may be much concealed self-indulgence, where there is a most yielding disposition; and that they who are too cowardly to resist wrong and violence courageously, from a weak and culpable indulgence of their own shyness and timidity, will afford a poor defence to those they ought to protect, and expose them to innumerable evils.

Lettice had managed to become easy with the general; she could have been perfectly happy with Mrs. Melwyn, but nothing could get over the difficulties with the servants. Conscious of the misrule they exercised; jealous of the new comer—who soon showed herself to be a clever and spirited girl—a sort of league was immediately instituted among them; its declared object being either to break her spirit, or get rid of her out of the house. The persecutions she endured; the daily minute troubles and vexations; the difficulties cast in her path by these dangerous yet contemptible foes, it would be endless to describe.

Whatever she wanted she could not get done. Even Bridget, under the influence of the upper housemaid, proved a broken reed to lean upon. Her fire would never be lighted; nor her room done at the proper time; and when she came down with red hands, purple cheeks, and, worst of all, a red nose, looking this cold spring the very picture of chill and misery, the general would look cross, and Mrs. Melwyn not pleased, and would wonder "how she could get so starved, and why she did not make them light her fire."

She could make no reply but that she would ask Bridget to be more punctual.

It was worse, when, do what she would—ring as she would—nobody would come to fasten her dress for dinner till the last bell was sounding; and when it was impossible for her to pay all those nice attentions to her appearance which the general's critical eye demanded. Though he said nothing, he would upon such occasions look as if he thought her a sloven; and Mrs. Melwyn, on her side, seemed excessively fretted and uneasy, that her favorite would do herself so little justice, and run the risk of forfeiting the general's favor; and this last piece of injustice, Lettice did feel it hard to bear.

It was the same in all the other minutiae of domestic life. Every trifling circumstance, like a midge's sting, though insignificant in itself, was rendered in the sum total most troublesome.

If they were going out walking, Miss Arnold's shoes were never cleaned. She provided herself with several pairs, that one at least might always be ready, and she not keep the general and Mrs. Melwyn waiting. It was of no use. The shoes were never ready. If there were several pairs, they were lost, or odd shoes brought up.

She did not care for labor. She had no foolish pride about serving herself, she had been used to that sort of thing; she had not the slightest wish on earth to be a fine lady; but that was forbidden. It was one of the things Mrs. Melwyn had made a point of, and continued to make a point of; but then, why did she not take care she should be better served?

She, the mistress in her own house! Was it indifference to her guest's comforts? No, her unremitting personal kindness forbade that idea. What was it, then, that left her helpless guest thus

exposed to want and insult? Yes, *want!* I may use the word; for in her new sphere of action, the things she required were absolute necessities. The want in its way was as great as she had ever known. Yes, insult—for every little negligence was felt as an insult—Lettice knew too well that as an insult it was intended. What made this kind Mrs. Melwyn permit such things? Weakness, nothing but weakness—culpable weakness—horror of that which would give her feeble spirit pain.

Lettice found it extremely difficult to be candid in this instance. She, who had never experienced what this weakness of the spirit was, found it almost impossible to be indulgent to it. She felt quite vexed and sore. But when she looked so, poor Mrs. Melwyn would put on such a sad, anxious, weary face, that it was impossible not to feel concerned for her, and to forgive her at once. And so this good, generous, kind-hearted being's temper achieved another victory. She was able to love Mrs. Melwyn in spite of all her weakness, and the evils she in consequence suffered; and this indulgent affection made everything easy.

There were times, however, when she found it almost too difficult to get on; and upon one occasion after another occurring of this nature, and still more when she discovered that Mrs. Melwyn was a yet greater sufferer from this servile tyranny than herself, she at last determined to speak out, and see whether things could not be established upon a more reasonable and proper footing.

There was one day a terrible quarrel with Randall. It happened that Randall was from home, drinking tea with a friend. She had either bound up the general's ailing arm too tight, or the arm had swelled; however, for some reason or other, the injured part became extremely painful. The general fidgetted and swore, but bore it for some time with the sort of resolute determination, with which, to do him justice, he was accustomed to meet pain. At last the aching became so intolerable that it was scarcely to be endured; and after ringing twenty times to inquire whether Randall was come home, and uttering a heavy imprecation each time he was answered in the negative; what between pain and impatience, he became so fevered that he really seemed quite ill, and his sufferings were evidently more than he could well endure. Poor Mrs. Melwyn, helpless and feeble, dared not propose to do anything for him, though she suffered—soft, kind creature that she was—almost more in witnessing his distress than he did in the midst of it. At last Lettice ventured to say, that she thought it a great pity the general should continue to suffer this agony, which she felt assured must be positively dangerous—and modestly ventured to suggest that she should be allowed to undo the bandage and relieve the pressure.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Melwyn, in a hurried, frightened way, "could you venture? Suppose you should do mischief;—better wait, perhaps."

"Easily said, ma'am," cried the general. "It's not your arm that's aching as if it would drop from your body, that's plain. What's that you're saying, Miss Arnold?"

"If you could trust me to do it, I was saying;—if you would give me leave—I would undo the bandage and endeavor to make it more comfortable. I am afraid that this pain and tight binding may bring on positive inflammation. I really should not be afraid to try; I have seen Mrs. Randall do it hundreds of times. There is no difficulty in it."

"Dear Lettice, how you talk!" said Mrs. Melwyn, as if she were afraid Randall was behind the door. "No difficulty! How could Randall bear to hear you say so?"

"I don't know, ma'am; perhaps she would contradict me. But I think at all events there is no difficulty that I could not manage."

"Well, then, for Heaven's sake, try, child!" cried the general, "for really the pain is as if all the dogs in Hockley were gnawing at it. Come along; do something, for the love of—"

He suffered Lettice to help him off with his coat, and to undo the bandage, which she accomplished very handily; and then observed that Mrs. Randall, in her haste to depart upon her visit, had bound up the wound in a most careless manner; and the irritation had already produced so serious an inflammation that she was quite alarmed, and suggested that the doctor should be sent for.

The general swore at the idea of the doctor, and yet more violently at that old hag Randall's confounded carelessness. Mrs. Melwyn looked miserable; she saw the case was bad, and yet she knew that to send for the doctor, and take it out of Randall's hands, would be an insult never to be forgiven.

But Lettice was steady. She was not quite ignorant in these matters, and she felt it her duty to be firm. She expostulated and remonstrated, and was just carrying her point, when Mrs. Randall came home; and, having heard below how things were going on, hurried, uncalled for, into the dining-room.

She came in in a mighty pucker, as she would herself have called it, and began asking who had dared to open the wound and expose it to the air; and, seeing Miss Arnold preparing to apply a bread-and-water poultice, which she had made, fell into such a passion of rage and jealousy that she forgot herself so far as to snatch it from Lettice's hands—vowing, if anybody was to be allowed to meddle with her arm, she would never touch it again so long as she lived.

Mrs. Melwyn turned pale, and began in her softest way:—

"Now really, Randall. Don't be angry, Randall. Do listen, Randall. The bandage was too tight; I assure you it was. We should not have thought of touching it else."

"What the devil, Randall, are you about to do now?" cried the general, as she took possession of the arm, in no gentle fashion.

"Bind it up again, to be sure, and keep the air out of it."

"But you hurt me confoundedly. Ah!—it's more than I can bear. Don't touch it—it's as if it were on fire!"

"But it must be bound up, I say," going on without the least regard to the torture she was evidently putting him to.

But Lettice interfered:—

"Indeed, Mrs. Randall," she said, "I do not think that you seem to be aware of the state of inflammation that the arm is in. I assure you, you had better apply the bread-and-water poultice, and send for Mr. Lysons."

"You assure me. Much you know about the matter, I should fancy."

"I think I know this much. Dear Mrs. Melwyn! Dear general!—It's more serious than you think. Pray let me write for Mr. Lysons!"

"I do believe she's right, Randall, for the infernal torture you put me to is more than I can

bear. Ach!—Let it go, will you!—Undo it! Undo it!”

But Mrs. Randall unrelentingly bound on.

“Have done, I say! Undo it! Will nobody undo it? Lettice Arnold, for Heaven’s sake!” His face was bathed with the sweat of agony.

Randall persisted; Mrs. Melwyn stood pale, helpless, and aghast; but Lettice hastened forward, scissors in hand, cut the bandage, and liberated the tortured arm in a minute.

Mrs. Randall was in an awful rage. She forgot herself entirely; she had often forgotten herself before; but there was something in this, being done in the presence of a third person, of one so right-minded and spirited as Lettice, which made both the general and his wife view it in a new light. A sort of veil seemed to fall from before their eyes; and, for the first time, they both seemed—and simultaneously—aware of the impropriety and the degradation of submitting to it.

“Randall! Randall!” remonstrated Mrs. Melwyn—still very gently, however; but it was a great step to remonstrate at all—but Randall was abusing Lettice most violently, and her master and mistress into the bargain, for being governed by such as *her*! “Randall! Randall! Don’t—you forget yourself!”

But the general, who had been silent a second or two, at last broke forth and roared:

“Have done with your infernal noise! won’t you, you beldam! Here, Lettice, give me the poultice; put it on, and then write for Lysons, will you?”

In matters such as this, the first step is everything. Mrs. Melwyn and her fiery partner had both been passive as a poor bewitched hen, we are told, is with a straw over her neck. Once shift her position and the incubus is gone.

The arrival of Mr. Lysons completed the victory. Mortification was upon the eve of setting in. The relief from the bandage, and the emollient poultice applied by Lettice, had in all probability saved the general’s life.

Little Mrs. Randall cared for this demonstration of her mistaken treatment; she had been too long accustomed to triumph, to yield the field undisputed to a rival. She took refuge in sulky silence, and, when Mr. Lysons was gone, desired to speak with Mrs. Melwyn.

The usual harangue was made. “As she could no longer give satisfaction—would Mrs. Melwyn please to provide herself in a month?”

The blood ran cold to Mrs. Melwyn’s heart. What! Randall! Impossible! What should she do! What would the general do! What would become of the servants! Who would look after them! What could be done without the faithful Randall!

“O, Randall! you don’t think of leaving me,” she began.

I am not going to repeat the dialogue, which was much the same as that which usually ensues when the mistress entreats the maid to stay, thus putting herself into an irremediably false position. The result of such entreaties was the usual one. Randall, assured of victory, took the matter with a high hand, and, most luckily for all parties, refused to be mollified.

Then poor Mrs. Melwyn, in dismay and despair, returned to the drawing-room. She looked quite ill; she dared not tell the general what had happened—positively dared not. She resolved to

make one other appeal to Randall first; to bribe her, as she had often done before, to bribe high—higher than ever. Anything, rather than part with her.

But she was so nervous, so restless, so miserable, that Lettice observed it with much compassion, and came and sat by her, which was her way of comforting her friend when she saw she wanted comfort. Mrs. Melwyn took her hand, and held it between both hers, and looked as if she greatly wanted comfort indeed.

The general, soon after this, rose to go to bed. It was earlier than his usual hour, for he was quite worn out with what he had suffered.

So he left the two ladies sitting over the fire, and then Mrs. Melwyn at last opened her heart, and disclosed to her friend the dismal tidings—the cause of her present misery—and related in detail the dreadful occurrence of Randall’s resignation.

It was time, Lettice thought, to speak out, and she determined to venture upon it. She had long anxiously desired to emancipate the woman she loved with all the intensity of a child, from the fearful yoke under which she suffered; to dissolve the pernicious enchantment which surrounded her. She spoke, and she did so with so much gentleness, reason, firmness, good-nature, that Mrs. Melwyn yielded to the blessed influence. In short, it was that night determined that Randall’s resignation, so far as Mrs. Melwyn was concerned, should be accepted. If that potentate chose to communicate her resolution herself to the general, it was well, and he must decide; otherwise Lettice would take upon herself to do this, and unless he opposed the measure, Randall should go.

With little difficulty Lettice persuaded Mrs. Melwyn not to ring for Randall that night, saying, that now she had resigned her position, her mistress had better allow herself to be put to bed by her friend. This was not a difficult task. That she should not meet Randall again was what Mrs. Melwyn in her terror as much desired as Lettice did in her prudence. In short, the general, under the influence of Lettice’s representations—she was beginning to gain great influence with him—consented to part with the maid; and Lettice had the inconceivable satisfaction of herself carrying to that personage her wages, and a handsome gratuity, and of seeing her that very morning quit the house, which was done with abundance of tears, and bitter lamentations over the ingratitude of mankind.

How the house felt after she was gone, those who have been visited with a domestic plague of this nature will understand. To those who have not, so great a result from so apparently insignificant a cause would be utterly unimaginable.

“And so they lived very happy ever afterwards.”

Well—don’t stare—they really *did*.

A good genius was substituted for an evil one. Under her benign influence it is astonishing how smoothly and merrily things went on. The general was so comfortable that he very often forgot to be cross; Mrs. Melwyn, content with everything, but her power of showing her love for Lettice—though she did this in every way she could think of.

And so I will leave this good, sensible, God-fearing girl for the present,

Blessing and blest in all she does,

and tell you how Myra went to Mrs. Fisher, and something about that lady.

May 12.

YESTERDAY, being the Lord's day, mother was hugely scared, during morning service, by seeing an old lady put her kerchief to her nose, look hither and thither, and, finally, walk out of church. One whispered another—"A plague-smell, perchance." "No doubt on't;"—and soe, one after another left, as, at length, did mother, who declared she beganne to feel herself ill. On the cloth being drawn after dinner, she made a serious attack on my father, upon the subject of country lodgings, which he stoutly resisted at first, saying—"If, wife and daughters, either the danger were so immediate, or the escape from it soe facile as to justify these womanish clamors, reason would that I should listen to you. But, since that the Lord is about our bed, and about our path, in the capital noe less than in the country, and knoweth them that are his, and hideth them under the shadowe of his wings—and since that, if the fiat be indeede issued agaynst us, no stronghold, though guarded with triple walls of circumvallation, like Eebatana, no pastoral valley, that might inspire Theocritus with a new Idyl, can hide us, either by its strength or its obscurity, from the arrow of the destroying angel; ye, therefore, seeing these things cannot be spoken agaynst, ought to be quiet, and do nothing rashly. Wherefore, I pray you, wife and daughters, get you to your knees, before Him who alone can deliver you from these terrors; and, having east your burthen upon Him, eat your bread in peacefulness and cheerfulness of heart."

However, we really are preparing for country quarters, for young Elwood hath this morning brought us note of a rustick abode at Chalfont, in Bucks, the charges of which suit my father's limited means; and we hope to enter on it by the end of the week. We part with one maid, and take the other. Betty was very forward to be left in charge; and profest herself willing to abide any risk for the sake of the family; more by token she thoughte there was noe risk at alle, having boughte a sovereign charm of Mother Shipton. Howbeit, on inducing her, much agaynst her will, to open it, nought was founde within but a wretched little print of a ship, with the words, scrawled beneath it—"By virtue of the above sign." Father called her a silly baggage, and sayd he was glad, at anie rate, there was no profanitie in it; but, in spite of Betty, and Polly, and mother too, he is resolved to leave y<sup>e</sup> house under the sole charge of Nurse Jellycott. Indeed, there will probably be more rather than less work to do at Chalfont; but mother means to get a little boy, such as will be glad to come for threepence a-week, to fetch the milk, post the letters, get flour from the mill and barm from the brew-house, carry pies to the oven, clean boots and shoes, bring in wood, sweep up the garden, roll the grass, turn the spit, draw the water, lift boxes and heavy weights, chase away beggars and infectious persons, and any little odd matter of the kind.

Mother has drowned the cats, and poisoned the

rats. The latter have revenged 'emselves by dying behind the wainscot, which makes y<sup>e</sup> lower part of the house soe unbearable, 'speciallie to father, that we are impatient to be off. Mother, intending to turn Chalfont into a besieged garrison, is laying in stock of sope, candles, cheese, butter, salt, sugar, raisins, pease, and bacon, besides resin, sulphur, and Benjamin, agaynst y<sup>e</sup> infection; and pill, ruff, and Venice treacle, in case it comes.

As to father, his thoughts naturallie run more on food for y<sup>e</sup> mind; soe he hath layd in goodlie store of pens, paper, and ink, and sett me to pack his books. At first, he sayd he s<sup>d</sup> onlie require a few, and good ones. These were alle of y<sup>e</sup> biggest; and three or four folios broke out the bottom of the box. Soe then mother sayd y<sup>e</sup> onlie way was to cord 'em up in sacking; which greatlie relaxed y<sup>e</sup> bounds of his self-denial, and ended in his having a load packed that w<sup>d</sup> break a horse's back. Alsoe, hath had his organ taken to pieces, but as it must goe in two severall loads, and we cannot get a bigger wagon, everie cart and carriage, large or little, being on such hard duty in these times, I'm to be left behind till the wagon returns, and till I've finished cataloguing y<sup>e</sup> books; after which, Ned Phillips hath promised to take me down on a pillion.

Nurse Jellycott, being sent for from Wapping, looked in this forenoon, for father's commands. Such years have passed since we lost sight of her, that I remembered not her face in y<sup>e</sup> least, but had an instant recollection of her chearfulle, gentle voyce. Spite of her steeple hat, and short scarlet cloke, which gave her an antiquated ayr, her cleare hazel eyes and smooth-parted silver locks gave her an engaging appearance. The world having gone ill with her, she thankfullie takes charge of y<sup>e</sup> premises; and though her eyes filled with tears, 't was with looking at father. He, for his part, spake most kindly, and gave her his hand, which she kissed.

They are all off. Never was house in such a pickle! The carpets rolled up, but y<sup>e</sup> boards beneath 'em unswept, and black with dirt; as Nurse gladlie undertook everie office of that kind, and sayd 't would help to amuse her when we were away. But she has tidied up the little chamber, over the house-door, she means to occupy, and sett a beau-pot on the mantell of fresh flowers she brought with her. The whole house smells of aromatick herbs, we have burnt soe many of late for fumigation; and, though we fear to open y<sup>e</sup> window, yet, being on y<sup>e</sup> shady side, we doe not feel the heat much.

Yesterday, while in y<sup>e</sup> thick of packing, and nobody being with father but me, a messenger arrived, with a few lines, writ privily by a friend of poor Ellwood, saying he was in Aylesbury Gaol, not for debt, but for his opinions, and praying father to send him twenty or thirty shillings for immediate necessities. Mother having gone to my Lord Mayor for passports, and father having long given up to her his purse, \* \* \* (for us

girls, we rarelie have a crown,) he was in a strait, and at length said—"This poor young fellow must not be denied. \* \* \* A friend in need is a friend indeed. \* \* \* Tye on thy hood, child, and step out with the volume thou hadst in thy hand but now, to the stall at y<sup>e</sup> corner. See Isaac himself; shew him Tasso's autograph on y<sup>e</sup> fly-leaf, and ask him for thirty or forty shillings on it till I come back; but bid him on noe pretence to part with it."

I did soe, not much liking y<sup>e</sup> job—there are often such queer people there; for old Isaac deals not onlie in old books, but old silver spoons. Howbeit, I took the volume to his shop, and, as I went in, Betty came out. What had been her business I know not: but she lookt at me and my book as though she s<sup>d</sup> like to know mine; but, with her usuall demure curtsey, made way for me, and walked off. I got the money with much waiting, but not much other difficultie, and took it to father, who sent twenty shillings to Ellwood, and gave me five for my payns.

Mother was soe worried by y<sup>e</sup> odour of y<sup>e</sup> rats, that they alle started off a day sooner than was first intended, leaving me merelie a little extra packing. Consequence was, that this morning, before dawn, being earlie at my task, there taps me at the window an old harridan that mother can't abide, who is always a crying, "Anie kitchen-stuff have you, maids?"

Quoth I, "We've nothing for you."

"Sure, my deary," answers she, in a cajoling voyce, "there's the dripping and candles you promised me this morning, along with the pot-liquor."

"Dear heart, Mrs. Deb!" says Nurse, laughing, "there is, indeed, a lot of kitchen-stuff hid up near the sink, which I dare say your maid told her she was to have; and, as it will onlie make y<sup>e</sup> house smell worse, I don't see why she s<sup>d</sup> not have it, and pay for it, too."

Soe I laught, and gave it her forthe, and she put into my hand two shillings; but then says—"Why, where's the cheese?"

"We've no cheese for you," said I.

"Well," says she, "it's a dear bargayn; but \* \* \*" peering towards me, "is t'other mayd gone, then?"

"Oh, yes! both of 'em," says I; "and I'm the mistress," soe burst out a laughing, and shut the window, while she stumped off, with something between a grunt and a grone. Of course, I gave the money to Nurse.

We had much talk overnight of my poor dear mother. Nurse came to her when Anne was born, and remained in y<sup>e</sup> family till after the death of father's second wife. She was a fayr and delicate gentlewoman, by Nurse's account, soft in speech, fond of father, and kind to us and the servants; but alle Nurse's suffrages were in favor of mine owne mother.

I askt Nurse how there came to have beene a separation betweene father and mother, soone after their marriage. She made answer, she never c<sup>d</sup> understand the rights of it, having beene before

her time; but they were both soe good, and tenderly affectioned, she never c<sup>d</sup> believe there had beene anie reall wrong on either side. She always thought my grandmother must have promoted a misunderstanding. Men were seldom fond of their mothers-in-law. He was very kind to the whole family the winter before Anne was born, when, but for him, they would not have had a roof over their heads. Old Mr. Powell died in his house, the very day before Christmasse, which cast a gloom over alle, insomuch that my mother would never after keep Christmas Eve; and, as none of the Puritans did, they were alle of a mind. My other grandfather dropt off a few months after; he was very fond of mother. At this time, grandmother was going to law for her widow's thirds, which were little worth y<sup>e</sup> striving for, except to one soe extreme poor; yet, spite of gratitude and interest, she must quarrel with father, and remove herself from his house; which even her own daughter thought very wrong. Howbeit, mother w<sup>d</sup> have her first child baptized after her; and sent her alle y<sup>e</sup> little helps she could from her owne purse, from time to time, with father's privitie and concurrence. He woulde have his next girl called Mary, after mother; though the name she ever went by with him was "sweet Moll;"—'t is now always "poor Moll," or "your mother." Her health fayled about that time, and they summered at Forest Hill—a place she was always hankering after, but when she came back she told Nurse she never wished to see it agayn, 't was soe altered. Father's sight was, meantime, getting worse and worse. She read to him, and wrote for him often. He had become Cromwell's secretary, and had received the public thanks of the Commonwealth. \* \* \* Great as his reputation was at home, 't was greater abroad; and foreigners came to see him, as they still occasionally doe, from all parts. My mother not onlie loved him, but was proud of him. All her pleasures were in home. From my birth to that of y<sup>e</sup> little boy who died, her health and spiritts were good; after that, they failed; but she always tried to be chearfulle with father. She read her Bible much, and was good to the poor. Nurse says 't was almost miraculous how much good she did at how little cost, except of forethought and trouble; and alle soe secretlie. She began to have an impression she was for an early grave, but did not seem to lament it. One night, Nurse, being beside her, awoke her from what she supposed an uneasie dream, as she was crying in her sleep; but as soone as she oped her eyes, she looked surprised, and said 't was a vision of peace. She thought the Redeemer of alle men had beene talking with her, face to face, as a man talketh with his friend, and that she had fallen at his feet in grateful joy, and was saying, "Oh! I can't express \* \* I can't express—"

About a week after, she dyed, without any particular warning, except a short prick or two at the heart. My father was by. 'T was much talked of at y<sup>e</sup> time, she being soe young.

Discoursing of this and that, 't was midnight ere we went to bed.

From the Spectator.

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.\*

AS FAR as the "soldier" and the "service" are concerned, the title of this volume is not quite accurate. M. Hackländer was not a military man, but a newspaper correspondent; and he contributes, as may naturally be supposed, the largest quantity of writing to the volume. Deputed to represent the *Allgemeine Zeitung* at Radetsky's head-quarters, and keep the Austrian public acquainted with the events of a probable campaign, Von Hackländer started from Stuttgart "in heavy rain, on the 8th March," and duly reached Milan after "four days' and nights' continuous travelling." Letters of introduction he had none; but a reporter's "face is his fortune," so he went in search of a name he had once known, and found its owner advanced in the world and in Radetsky's confidence, and, what was better for the purpose in hand, an old acquaintance with a friendly feeling. By Major Eberhardt the representative of the press was introduced to the old field-marshal; who received him flatteringly, and gave him permission to join the head-quarters. This meant board and lodgings—when they could be got; a horse to ride upon, and a tolerably close proximity to the marshal himself, when the correspondent could thread his way through the obstacles that the men and machinery of war interpose to freedom of locomotion on a march.

Thus favored, Von Hackländer had opportunities for seeing as much of the campaign as generally falls to the lot of an individual; and he has the faculty of the trained observer, who sees something more than military matters, and looks too at men and things with a view to describe them. The reception of the news by the Austrian army that Sardinia had terminated the armistice, the masked advance upon Pavia, preparatory to crossing the Tecino, (the great though risky feature of Radetsky's campaign,) the daily and nightly features of the march and bivouac, are presented in a manner superior to that of most English newspaper correspondents; the writing is better, the style better, and without their vulgar assumption. The battle of Novara is but indifferent as a military account; horsemen galloping about, cannon roaring, musketry rattling, cannon-balls falling unpleasantly near, the slightly wounded limping, and the hospital-wagons moving to the rear, with a good deal of shouting, smoke, and confusion, make up the sum of Von Hackländer's warlike picture. The reporter is himself again when "the brazen throat of war has ceased to roar;" and he gives some good sketches of a town after a battle in its immediate neighborhood, as well as of scenes on the triumphal return to Milan. Altogether, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* was fortunate in the lively and anecdotal character of its correspondence, if its correspondent's knowledge of soldiership went no further than parade.

Want of familiarity with actual war, however, rendered the writer more sensible to many things than he might have been had habit blunted his perceptions; and this sense of novelty is constantly peeping out. The following is the way old campaigners make the most of an ox—load him and eat him.

Gravellone was found nearly deserted by its inhabitants; yet not the least excess was committed by the troops, beyond the emptying of some smugglers' stores, which had been left stocked with Asti wine. The oxen on these occasions have a comical appearance, hung with everything which the soldier is unable or can avoid by this means to carry. The horns are adorned with field-flasks, bread-bags and knapsacks are slung over the back. The officers' servants have a special eye to the beasts for slaughter, and load them with every description of camp equipage or field provision.

This is a hint for the peace party, as well as for the favorers of enclosures and substantial buildings.

Neither Lombardy nor Piedmont are now so well adapted as in those days for great operations. Improvements in the arts of peace have been unfavorable to the practice of war. The multiplication of mulberry-plantations and of rows of trees with vines festooned between, obstructs the movement of battalions, and makes it difficult for the most accomplished jäger battalions to manœuvre, or to throw out a connected line of skirmishers. A further impediment exists in the numerous farm-houses and so-called casine. These, indeed, have always played a part in the wars of Northern Italy. Many of them, of much antiquity, solid in construction, with small windows high in the walls, and surrounded with walls and ditches, are easily convertible into so many small fortresses.

The approach to the field of battle is well done; though its features are in a great measure owing to the novice-like view.

The high-road was thronged with advancing corps, through which we were obliged to insinuate ourselves; and we soon fell in with a long train of the surgical wagons, which were hurrying to the terrible spot of their rendezvous. I cannot omit here to remark upon the admirable organization of these carriages. They are light, drawn by one horse, with C springs; and the seat is of flexible girths, upon which, during the march, from five to six light litters are arranged, which during the action are taken down and used to transport the wounded. Near the great carriages of the surgical corps are fixed poles with red and white flags; each of these designates to those who have need a principal spot for operations. Such a flag now fluttered in the middle of the road to Novara; and I can assure you that neither the roll of the artillery nor the sight of the dead in Mortara occasioned so painful an impression as this blood-red streamer, which denoted the place of so much human suffering. Men slightly wounded, such as could yet ride or walk, met us before we reached the village. General Stadion also passed us, more severely hurt, for a ball had passed through his chest. Other wounded officers assured us that the affair was very hot where they had left it; and a jäger, who sat by a ditch-side, with his head bandaged, exclaimed against the bad luck of the day. We endeavored

\* Scenes from the Life of a Soldier in Active Service. 1. The Austrian Campaign in Piedmont, 1849; translated from the German of F. W. Hackländer. 2. Notice of the Defence of Temeswar. 3. The Camp of the Ban. Published by Murray.

to console him as to his wound. "It is not that," he said, "but that we are again losing so many of our officers." We now began to hear the sputter of the musketry, but it did not last long together; the terrible thunder of the artillery quickly absorbed every other sound.

The following practice from the army of aristocratic Austria might furnish a hint to aristocratic Britain.

The principal reward of the soldier is the distribution of medals; which is performed with much ceremony, and is a festival for the regiment concerned. The medals are of three classes—the great gold medal, the great silver, and little silver. They are all only attainable by very prominent merit, and are valued accordingly. They are not given to officers, and the few such who wear them have earned them when serving in the ranks. In former campaigns, and in the last, instances have frequently occurred in which cadets nominated for promotion to the rank of lieutenant earnestly begged for a postponement, with a view to the chance of their obtaining one of these medals; and several succeeded in their object.

The medals have a pecuniary as well as an honorary value. The gold medal secures to its owner double pay while he serves, and full pay for life after leaving the service. The silver secures an addition of half the amount of the regular pay during service, and a pension for life to the amount of that addition after leaving the service.

I witnessed several distributions after our return to Milan, conducted with much solemnity, in the public garden. On the Corso, which skirts the garden and is raised above it, were drawn up the Radetsky Hussars in parade order, and in the garden itself the regiments Kinsky and Latour, and several battalions of Gränzers. The field-marshal, with the archdukes and a numerous suite, rode along the line. He then dismounted in front, and the names of the soldiers who were to receive the medals were called over. Many were summoned in vain, for the colonels of their respective regiments had to step forward and report that the party in question was in hospital, or, in some cases, in the grave. Others, who answered the call, appeared with an arm in a sling, or bearing other evidence of injuries received in battle. When, however, the marshal in person stepped forward, called upon each by name, and fastened to his breast the medal with its red and white riband, the color returned to the pale cheek and light to the sunken eye. No prouder reward can be the soldier's lot than such a token fastened by such a hand. When the report of the investiture reaches his native village, the mayor or burgomaster of the place reads it in public. I have heard of instances in which the parents of the soldier so honored have been presented with a sum of money raised by general subscription in the village.

A translation from an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* follows the translation of Von Hackländer's correspondence. It appears to be written by a French officer who served in the army of the King of Sardinia, and is a very complete and critical view of the campaign as a military operation; giving the reader that general idea of the

objects sought for, and the causes of success or failure, which he will vainly look for in the newspaper correspondent. The latter, however, is the more various, and furnishes the pleasanter reading. In almost the only instance where the Frenchman descends to anecdote, he tells the same story as the German, but we suspect with less accuracy. He allows too free a scope to the inventive vivacity of his country, and dramatizes where the German records.

Two more articles, of a short and slight character, are added from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. That on the siege of Temeswar is solid and informing; the other, called "The Camp of the Ban," is flimsy and wordy.

A WAR-SONG OF PEACE.—It is the custom of the day to crown the victor with palm, not laurel! The affectation in vogue is to ring the praises of peace at the triumph of the conqueror, and to make his victory but a secondary matter. Lord Gough is fêted by the East India Company; his glory is to be sung by present premier and past premier, and their burden is "peace."

Yet, somehow, the direct achievements of peacemakers do not receive these soul-stirring celebrations. You do not hear of the East India Company's picking out a great Wellington of peace and feasting him; whence we are to infer, either that honorable company does not employ peacemakers in India, or that it holds them in less account. The fact is, that the praise of peace in these times is a conventional form; the language of men betrays their real propensity. It is when they enumerate Gough's battles, when they recite how he took the first eagle from the French, when they tell of the enemies who tried his mettle, that they grow truly fervid and eloquent. And they delight to diverge to the romantic achievements of the young Edwardes, not for the sake of the ulterior consequence, but for the sake of the achievement itself—not for the ultimate peace but the actual fighting. You might as well pretend that the march of "The British Grenadiers" stirs one up with the excoitation of peace-concomitant, and not with the mere idea of contest victorious.

This excitability to martial ideas has more in it than either peace or war. What we exult in is certainly not the destruction or humiliation of the enemy—as much a secondary and derivative effect as peace is; but something less malignant, more immediate and primary. It is the sense of innate strength—of *force*. War is perhaps the most obvious and explicit test of dauntless courage and resistless force; and in war, what really gives us delight is the sense of force made conscious by resistance. And that force, if you like, is available for other purposes besides war: it teaches the British sailor with unyielding helm to face and penetrate the storm; it lends confident ambition to mechanical science, and emboldens the audacious project of spanning Menai Strait with a tunnel of solid iron high in air; nay, it builds up our great factories. Force it is which gives practical value to the conceptions and ideas of a nation; and therefore is war a representative of all difficulties to be conquered by that great quality.—*Spectator*.

From the Examiner, 4 May.

#### LOUIS NAPOLEON AND UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

WHEN the news of Charles the Tenth's having broken the French charter by his ordonnances reached Berlin, it was reported to the old King of Prussia with great glee by some of his tory courtiers. The old monarch shrugged his shoulders, and ejaculated, that charters and constitutions were the most inconvenient things in the world for kings, but when one had them, it was on the whole wisest to keep them.

Louis Napoleon is strongly counselled from this as from his own side of the channel, to imitate Charles the Tenth, and issue an ordonnance, or pass a law, abolishing universal suffrage. We trust the cautious prince will do no such thing. For although we are no admirers of universal suffrage in lands of small education and great dependence, still, when it has once become the law from the failure of all other laws, it is most serious to cut that cable. Louis Napoleon himself holds certainly by no other. He is chief of the French executive by the grace of universal suffrage, and by no other saving grace whatever. Let him abolish that suffrage and he abolishes his family. The Duke of Bordeaux is the promised king of the upper classes; the Orleans family have still the best right to furnish monarchs of the middle classes. Despot as he was, Bonaparte was king of the people, and Louis Napoleon can never be king of anything else. The advice offered to him, therefore, is simply—Cut your own throat.

But in truth, no party, and no claim, and no personage has either influence or might enough to be permanent head of the French nation. That population, with its restlessness, its logic, its imagination, and its divisions, must have something temporary at its head. We are of those who regret this. For assuredly there would be more freedom as well as more tranquillity under a hereditary succession of princes. But this is clearly impossible among the French; who look for personal qualities in their prince or chief, and who require that they should be not those which shine in, or which satisfy, the limited circle of a court, but those which address and command a nation.

The simplest and the vulgarest way of addressing a nation is to lead it to war, to glory, and to conquest; provided all three cost not too much, and do not last too long. But the game is too hazardous, and even Frenchmen and French marshals shrink from it.

It is not impossible to win a country by great acts of organization, reform, and peace. But no French statesman seems to turn his mind to this. The ways of government proposed at present are ways at once paltry, superannuated, and unpopular—such as police repression, clerical supremacy, newspaper restrictions—all as futile as they are mean, and speaking to the people precisely in the spirit least fitted to the time. The fact is, the Frenchmen who have held office are too full of routine, too much possessed by fear, too bewildered

by the novelty of their position, and the magnitude of affairs. They know not which way to turn the helm; and they run before the wind to certain shipwreck, trembling all the while, aware of their own fate and of their utter incapacity to avert it, yet unwilling to yield the conduct of the vessel to new and bolder men, who best might lead them to safety.

As to Socialism, we have never been able quite to comprehend that humbug, but under a banner so powerful must surely be men capable of devoting some of the genius of humbug—we beg pardon for the repetition, though the word and the thing cannot in politics be repeated too often—to the righting of the French state-vessel, and the propping up of the rickety chair upon which the moderates have stuck their poor president.

From the Morning Chronicle, 16 May.

#### ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND RUSSIA.

THE explanations which the organs of the foreign-office have been instructed to afford of the extraordinary and ambiguous circumstances attending the abrupt termination of the Greek quarrel, look lame enough on this side of the water; let us hope that they will prove more satisfactory on the other. The soreness and irritation which this occurrence has created in France are quite as great as we feared. So serious, indeed, is the matter deemed, that M. Drouin de l'Huys yesterday received a peremptory summons to Paris, to explain in person the part which he has taken in the negotiation, and to afford the necessary information as to the causes of the failure of the convention which he recently signed for the settlement of the quarrel between England and Greece.

That Lord Palmerston himself finds the affair likely to be not a little embarrassing, we infer from the tone adopted—we suspect with more haste than discretion—by his organ in the morning press. He now, it seems, wishes to shelter himself under the alleged concurrence of Russia. The Russian government, it is insinuated, was, through its representative in London, a consenting or at least an approving party, to the arrangement concluded between Lord Palmerston and M. Drouin de l'Huys. Russia, who remonstrated so warmly before, is, his lordship would have us conclude, satisfied now. Is this the fact? Destitute though we are of the means of access to those sources of information which are open to our contemporary, we say plainly that we do not believe it. So shallow an artifice—for such we must take leave to call it—will not go down. We have not forgotten how, some time back, the same journal was directed to mystify its readers with regard to the contents of the two Russian notes, or how different a story they revealed, when placed before us in print, from that which they had been made to tell in the columns of the ministerial press. The exposure might have taught Lord Palmerston a lesson, which it seems he has yet to learn. It will be found, we

believe, when the papers relating to the negotiation shall be laid before Parliament, that Russia has adhered in this matter to the line which she has steadily and undeviatingly pursued throughout the troubles that have agitated Europe during the last two years. Actuated by an anxious desire for the preservation of peace—shunning, with a forbearance as laudable as it was judicious, everything that could precipitate a rupture—she has stood aloof from first to last, and has scrupulously refrained from allowing herself to be mixed up in transactions in which she had no necessary or immediate interest. The strong, but not intemperate, remonstrance despatched by Count Nesselrode, as soon as intelligence of the Greek blockade reached St. Petersburg, is still fresh in our recollection. The Russian government did not, like the French, hasten to tender its good offices for the settlement of the dispute; and it is rewarded for its caution by not having been exposed to the insult under which the French people are now smarting. It has maintained an attitude, not of unfriendliness, but of scrupulous reserve. Should it appear that Baron Brunow has, non-officially, lent his aid to promote a good understanding between Great Britain and France with reference to the Greek question, we can only say that he deserves the warmest thanks of all parties interested in securing to Europe the blessing of peace. But we have not, as yet, seen the least reason for supposing that the Russian diplomatist has, either by writing or word of mouth, committed his master to an approval of anything that has been done either in London or at Salamis within the last six weeks; and we shall require stronger proof than the mere assertion of Lord Palmerston or his organ, before we believe that Baron Brunow has, with reference to the convention, departed in any particular from the dignified reserve which has characterized his conduct throughout the recent European troubles. If Lord Palmerston wants countenance either for the convention concluded with M. Drouin de l'Huys, or for the little manœuvre by which that convention has been shelved, and the French mediation abruptly frustrated, we should recommend him to seek it from some other quarter than the court of St. Petersburg.

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From the Morning Chronicle, of 17 May.

It is with a feeling of distaste, which our readers will know how to appreciate, that we revert once more to a question which we fondly hoped had been set at rest forever. For the last two months, every diligent reader of newspapers has been wearied and disgusted by the perpetual recurrence of the "Claims on Greece." Ten days ago we should have been eternally grateful to anybody who could have given us a reliable assurance that no Scotch gentleman called Finlay should ever again cross our path, and that the name of Pacifico (to which no one in the world, we suppose, lays claim but the cosmopolitan individual who has just been enriched by the disinter-

ested exertions of the British government) should be erased forever from our remembrance. Seriously, we rejoiced to believe that this disagreeable and discreditable affair, if it could not be blotted from the page of history, had at least ceased to afford a theme for the contemporary annalist. But, alas! we were reckoning without our host. More was still behind. We were destined to have fuller experience of Lord Palmerston's unhappy knack of making the worst of a bad job, and of the certainty with which, under his too adroit management, one scrape begets another. The quarrel has expired at Athens, only to revive in a new shape at Paris. Upon a contemptible dispute with the smallest and least respectable of European powers, the mismanagement of the foreign-office has engrafted a serious misunderstanding with one of the greatest, with whom it is a principal object of our policy to preserve cordial and amicable relations.

The French version of the affair—which no attempt has yet been made to contradict or explain away—is certainly sufficient, if substantiated, to justify an imputation of something much graver than a simple act of discourtesy. We have stated the facts before, but must shortly recapitulate them again, in order to repeat an inquiry which has received no sufficient answer. The mediatory interposition of France between Greece and Great Britain was carried on at the same time, through different channels, at London and at Athens. Baron Gros was despatched to Greece to examine the British claims on the spot, and to recommend such an adjustment of them as, after due investigation, he should deem fair and reasonable. With the same view, M. Drouin de l'Huys, the French minister at the Court of St. James', entered into a direct and independent negotiation with Lord Palmerston himself; and it was a necessary preliminary—without which, indeed, it would have been preposterous to engage in any negotiation at all—that in the event of a disagreement at Athens, the blockade, which had been suspended in consequence of an agreement with France, and to allow scope for her mediation, should not be renewed until the question should have been first referred to Paris and London. This condition (of which, in the absence of express stipulations, common courtesy, one would suppose, would have enforced the observance) formed an essential part of the basis on which M. Drouin de l'Huys proceeded to treat. The two negotiations were thus to go on simultaneously—if the one should prove fruitless, coercive measures were not to be renewed until the last hope of an amicable adjustment should have been destroyed by the failure of the other. It was also agreed that, if two treaties should be arranged—one at London and the other on the spot—the latter should supersede the former.

As soon as these preliminary matters had been settled, the French government lost no time in communicating the substance of the understanding to Baron Gros, never doubting that Lord Palmerston on his part would send corresponding instruc-

tions to Mr. Wyse. Baron Gros received the intelligence, by a French steamer, on the very day upon which his propositions were tendered and rejected on board the *Inflexible*, and he transmitted it without delay to Mr. Wyse, desiring him to suspend coercive measures accordingly. But Mr. Wyse had received no such advices, and he conceived that his instructions left him no discretion to act on the information received through this indirect channel. The blockade was renewed, and the Greek government were forced to submit to terms differing materially from those which had been actually agreed upon several days before in London. We are thus left to explain, as best we may, the extraordinary circumstance that the instructions which it was the bounden duty of the English government to send off at the earliest possible period, and by the most direct route, in order to prevent a breach of its engagement, never reached Athens until too late—whilst the French despatches arrived in ample time to forestall the catastrophe which they could not prevent. Was this a shabby and contemptible manœuvre? Was it gross and culpable negligence? Had Mr. Wyse, or had he not, positive orders to renew coercive measures without delay if the propositions of the French envoy should prove inadmissible? If he had, why was he not apprized in due time of an understanding which made such renewal a breach of contract? Why was not the queen's messenger ordered to take the direct route by Marseilles, when it was known that everything might, and absolutely would, depend on his speedy arrival at the scene of action? These are questions which Lord Palmerston alone can answer. But, answer them as he may, it must follow, if these data are correct, that the resumption of hostilities, which the timely arrival of the courier would have prevented, ought not to enable the British government to shake off its prior engagements; and France has just reason to complain, if the default—to call it by no harsher name—of our foreign-office has deprived the Greeks of more favorable terms than those to which they have been compelled by main force to submit.

It is not to be expected that this way of settling the question should be accepted without demur by a people so susceptible of the slightest affront as the French; still less, perhaps, that it should be suffered to pass unnoticed by the court of St. Petersburg. Count Nesselrode, in his second note, expressly stated that the imperial government was induced to refrain from prosecuting the matter any further, solely by the consideration that Great Britain had accepted the mediation of France. That mediation has been rendered abortive by the act or default—we will not say which—of the British government. It has been shelved and summarily put aside by a proceeding which bears all the appearance, at least, of a disingenuous stratagem; and Greece has been forced into an unconditional submission to all our demands by a resumption of the violent measures against which Russia originally put in her prompt and indignant

remonstrance. It is impossible not to reflect that all this might have been avoided, with advantage to the interests and without loss to the dignity of the nation, had the British government acted throughout these transactions with the straightforwardness and downright honesty which Lord Palmerston himself, or any other honorable-minded gentleman, would evince in the ordinary affairs of private life. But it is not the first time that we have had to regret that our foreign secretary, in his official capacity, belongs to a school of politicians which allows a too indulgent license to "sharp practice," and which tolerates in such matters a sort of double-dealing justly reprobated by the public opinion of modern times. Such acts as these, whether they proceed from a loose official morality, or from gross and unaccountable negligence, go far to justify the cry that has been raised a dozen times, in as many different quarters, since Lord Palmerston returned to office—that the external policy of England is under the guidance of a minister on whom it is impossible for foreign statesmen to rely. At home, as well as abroad, this unhappy failing destroys the confidence which his unsurpassed ability and unequalled experience are calculated to inspire, and it leaves us nothing to do but to protest against acts of which the whole responsibility must rest with his colleagues and himself, and which public opinion, with one voice, rejects and condemns.

We are no alarmists; but the absence of Baron Brunow from the customary hospitalities of Carlton-gardens on her majesty's birthday is too marked a circumstance not to have been already observed and commented upon by half London; and it loses none of its significance by the embarrassment under which Lord Lansdowne last night evidently labored in replying to the interrogatories which were addressed to him in the House of Lords.

From the Times, of 14 May.

#### PRUSSIA AND GERMANY.

A CONGRESS of princes is dining and dancing at Berlin—a conference of plenipotentiaries is deliberating at Frankfort. The small fry of Germany have all the amusements—twenty-two gilt elbow-chairs made by the court upholsterer, the King of Prussia to speechify, and Mde. Viardot Garcia to sing; but, in spite of the smartness and gayety which have been thrown over the capital of this northern league, it is impossible to forget the melancholy absorption which these expiring sovereigns are undergoing.

Alas! regardless of their doom  
The little victims play.

Not one of them will escape from that hall of Calypso without the loss of a large proportion of his hereditary dignity. Mecklenburg and Oldenburg, Baden, Hesse, and the diminutive Reuss, are all hastening along to a bourn from which no state returns. No pains have been spared by the confectioners and fiddlers of Berlin to make their last moments agreeable. They will expire in gala

dresses, and may even fancy they are playing a political part whilst they are accepting the Erfurt constitution or ratifying the edicts of Count Manteuffel. But while Prussia lords it over these little potentates—who, to say the truth, were half dead with fright before King William Frederic undertook to put them out of their misery—and whilst she forcibly reminds us of the pictures of the man-mountain leading on the armies of Lilliput, we cannot altogether forget that the consummation of this work of partial absorption is the direct opposite of the principle of Germanic Union; and, if the Prussian political league be completed, Germany will be arrayed in two camps already opposed and ere long hostile. For on the very same day when these sacrificial rites commenced at Berlin, Count Thun, the Austrian plenipotentiary at Frankfort, (brother of the Austrian minister of public instruction,) proceeded to open the far duller and drier business of the old confederation with the assistance of the ministers of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Hanover, Saxony, Luxemburg, and Holstein; and these states are bent on attempting to give fresh vigor and efficiency to the only existing powers of the whole Germanic body. We know not which of these two competing associations will prevail, and we shall not determine whether it be more easy to frame new laws of union at Berlin or to resuscitate old ones at Frankfort. But it is obvious that the existence of this double force is absolutely fatal to the grand object of the union of Germany, and that the conflict which has already assumed this decided shape cannot proceed without a total extinction of the treaties of 1815. Considering what Prussia owes to those treaties, it could scarcely have been surmised that she would be the first power practically to set them at nought in a matter of such importance as the constitution of Germany.

In proportion as the court of Berlin is advancing in its work of aggrandizement, not by any fresh appeals to popular sympathies, but by the subjugation of the sovereign princes who have sought refuge behind the Prussian throne, we are happy to find from our Berlin correspondence that amongst other consequences of this policy serious advances have at last been made to the conclusion of peace with Denmark. The whole negotiation at Berlin, like the mediation in which this country has been so unproductively engaged, was a mere dilatory expedient, used to gain time without positively concluding or averting the final settlement. Lord Palmerston seems indeed to have arrived at last at the conclusion from which we started, and he too has at length begun to inveigh against the hesitating and tortuous course pursued by Prussia in the duchies, warning that power that the result of her policy would probably be the occupation of Schleswig by a Russian force, and the settlement of all questions connected with the duchies by the forcible interference of Russia. These remonstrances, backed by the more positive preparations of the Russian empire, have at last had their effect. General Below has been despatched on a mission from Berlin to Copenhagen with a series of propo-

sitions for peace, of which the first is, that Schleswig be restored to the King of Denmark without reserve. Prussia offers to maintain order in Schleswig by her own troops for six weeks longer, and after that period she would withdraw, leaving the King of Denmark to deal with the revolutionary force in Holstein in case it should again cross the Eyder and invade Schleswig. With regard to Holstein the King of Denmark is to have the right of supplying the place of the present Stadtholderate by a new governing body selected by himself, and it has been suggested that the Holstein deputation now at Copenhagen, or some of its members, might be appointed for this purpose by the king-duke, if their conduct inspired him with confidence. There can be no doubt that these conditions will be approved by Austria, and the existing Stadtholderate is the more incapable of maintaining its ground in the duchies, as the federal commission of Frankfort, by which it was recognized, is now extinct; and the cause of the insurrection all but definitively abandoned by the Prussian government. As long, however, as the provisional government of the duchies exists, and has a complete army of 40,000 men under its orders, we can have no confident assurance that some rash and violent measure will not be taken.

With a little more calmness and resolution on the part of the Prussian cabinet, these terms, or terms even less favorable to Denmark, might with the greatest ease have been negotiated eight or ten months ago. The motives of the extreme solicitude shown by Prussia to patch up this quarrel now are not equally clear. No doubt the remonstrances of England, the attitude and language of Russia, and the complaints of her own mercantile interests, have had their effect; but we cannot be sure that some strategical considerations have not also contributed to give pliancy to the court of Berlin, and that in the event of more serious difficulties between Prussia and Southern Germany it was not felt that a state of war with Denmark was a most inconvenient diversion in the rear of her geographical position. She therefore follows the sound political rule of sacrificing the lesser of two interests to the greater. For we are bound to add that Prussia has given no indication whatever of surrendering, even to the lawful claims of the whole confederation, the grasp which the late revolution enabled her to lay upon the minor states of Germany. Her refusal to appear at the renewed Diet of Frankfort, if persisted in, must be held to amount to a formal denial of the treaties and federal ties by which that authority was created. Such a breach of treaties might of course be held to be a cause of war by any of the parties to them; but as no disposition to war can be said to exist on either side, the mischief will probably be confined for the present to the organization of two distinct leagues within the circumference of Germany—a state of things pregnant with causes of weakness and dissension to that country, and the very evil which the confederation of 1815 was mainly intended to avoid.

From the Correspondent of the Daily News.

# GAGERN AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Cologne, May 14.

THIS is the anniversary of the laying of the first stone towards the completion of our minster. It is eight years this very day since the King of Prussia delivered the speech in which he declared that the completion of the Cologne minster would be a type of the unity of Germany. On the same day the Archduke John, standing by his side, pronounced the words, since then so often repeated—"No more Prussia, no more Austria, but a united Germany." To these words he was indebted for being made vicar of the empire. Almost two years have elapsed since the second meeting of these two actors in the scene of 1842 in our city; but how changed were then their relative positions!

The Archduke John entered Cologne at the head of the Frankfort Parliament; the King of Prussia at the head of his *cortège* of ministers and generals. The former had been enthusiastically received all along the road by which he travelled; he saw the universal population of the Rhine provinces rush percipitately to the banks of the river to welcome the representative of the resuscitated German empire. From Frankfort to Cologne nothing was heard but joyous acclamations and triumphal salutes. On the contrary, the King of Prussia was everywhere received with coldness and distrust. He was even insulted in his own towns; at Dusseldorf the populace threw mud into his carriage, and almost upon his uniform.

But even at Cologne, and before the close of the festival, the vicar of the empire was lost in the presence of the King of Prussia, the Parliament in the presence of the court and staff of Frederic William IV. Poor Archduke John deemed it necessary to humble himself before the king, in order to obtain pardon for the superiority of his position. He appeared inspired by the sentiment of a *parvenu* who could not maintain his new-born dignity in the presence of a real sovereign by birth and the grace of God. Instead of retaining his *bourgeois* dress, and thus distinguishing himself by the plainness of his outward man, he must needs flatter the military taste of the king, and don the uniform of the Prussian regiment, of which he is honorary colonel; and in this attire he was lost sight of among the king's staff. This was not the work of chance. The ministers of the central authority foresaw what would be the consequence of this step, and urgently entreated the archduke to lay aside the Prussian uniform and appear at the head of the Parliament in the dress of a private civilian. There had almost been a ministerial crisis about an old coat; for the archduke was obstinate and stuck to his costume of Prussian colonel. This was his way; he was always trying to attain great objects by petty means; he hoped to win the King of Prussia, to insure his active sympathy, by flattering his majesty's military vanity.

Poor man! he did not feel that by demeaning himself he degraded the body of which he was the head, by which he was made of consequence, and without which he was nothing.

The king must have been astonished at the facility with which he extinguished this dangerous and powerful rival in the public estimation. He did not succeed so easily with the Parliament. When Gagern introduced the deputies to him the king ventured on a speech, which has also become historical. In his reply to the address of the president, who said that "the work of unity was begun, and the nation would complete it," the king bade him, "not forget that there were princes in Germany, and that he was one of them." The bad effect of these words was soon apparent; the journals commented strongly on them next day; and the king gave way, and at the great banquet drank to "all the members of the Frankfort Parliament," omitting the name of M. Schoeffel. But all this did not save the Parliament from being almost totally eclipsed by the king's staff. Gagern, who has no idea of arrangement and pre-concert, reached the door of the minster too late to be present at the service performed there. Consequently the king and his staff were on that occasion the cynosure of all eyes. After it was over Gagern endeavored to push in before the princes, in order that in the procession the Parliament might follow close upon the king and the vicar of the empire. But on reaching the staircase of the building in which the banquet was held, the princes literally elbowed themselves into precedence, and thrust themselves between the Parliament and the king. This was laughed at at the moment, but it was only the picture in little of the scramble which took place afterwards on a larger theatre.

There can be no doubt that the incidents of this festival did much to re-assure the king and his friends. They arrived with hesitation, and ready to look upon themselves as beaten; they departed pert and triumphant. They had seen their redoubtable enemy near at hand, and were satisfied that he was no such untamable monster as their fears had painted him.

Less than two years have elapsed since that day—how entirely everything has changed! It is as if two centuries had intervened between the festival of to-day and that which was celebrated only a year and a few months ago. The King of Prussia is now surrounded by these princes, to whom he alluded with hesitation in face of Gagern. And these princes are trying now, as the Parliament was trying then, to reorganize Germany. But there is no one at Berlin to reply to the king as he replied to Gagern, "Do not forget that there is a people, a German nation, and that it is composed of millions of citizens, and hundreds of thousands of *Landwehr*." This would seem to have been forgotten; but I am much mistaken if this people, set aside and forgotten as it now is, will not, on the first opportunity, teach the princes that it is not for it alone

that fortune is placed on a wheel incessantly turning.

The poor archduke at least has been taught this truth already. He too left the people out of his calculations, and he has fallen from the throne which the people extemporized for him as low as he can well fall. I do not believe that he intentionally betrayed Germany; but he was incapable of comprehending what was expected from him, and he never for a moment forgot that he was a prince of the house of Hapsburg. Doubtless he would have liked to render his provisional elevation permanent, but he did not know how to set about it. The Germans now either regard him with scornful pity or cordial hatred. One of our most popular poets, the author of "Village Tales," (*Dorf-geschichten*,) M. Auerbach, has put him in a play which he has just published. It is called "Andrew Hofer," and the Archduke John is unceremoniously introduced as the man who betrayed Hofer and his patriot associates. "John Lack-land" has deemed it necessary to write in the journals against his literary libeller. This simplicity is almost enough to convince one of the archduke's innocence; for some ability is required to play the part attributed to him by Auerbach, and the prince who rushes into print against the first literary adventurer who assails him, is not cunning enough to dupe a people.

The Archduke John has fallen very low. But it is to be feared that other princes—at Berlin, at Vienna, at Frankfort—are as forgetful as he has been of the existence of the German people. Such forgetfulness has cost the archduke dear; but some years hence princes who laugh at him now, may envy him his quiet retreat in the mountains of Tyrol.

From the Examiner, 18 May.

#### GERMAN POLITICS.

HITHERTO, when any one wished to express a complete idea of incomprehensible profundity and mystification, German metaphysics has commonly been the metaphor employed. For the future we suspect that German politics will be considered the more forcible expression. It is really too bad to think how these poor Germans have been taken in. They have made revolutions, have erected barricades, have been shot and hung in the most orthodox style, have held parliaments, have proclaimed rights, have hoisted German colors, and have had an arch-duke president to wear them—yet it has all come to nothing. Hocus-pocus! the arch-duke, (like another mysterious master in diplomacy,)

— goes off in a flame of fire,  
And leaves nothing but smoke behind him,

and parliament, rights, colors, and all, have gone with the poor arch-duke.

That was the first scene of the pantomime. Then Austria, having fallen into a terrible slough,

Prussia does her best to fix her there; and forms a Three-great-kings-and-many-little-princes League, of which she is to be herself the representative and manager. But Austria having, with the aid of Russia, got out of the slough, (or into another, as the reader may take it,) finds out that what Prussia calls "her own dissolution into Germany," is very like Germany's own dissolution into Prussia; and so she, for her part, forms a Four-kings League, by which she seduces two members of the Prussian trinity, and leaves the court of Berlin with a wretched tail of petty princes to form a great Germany as best she can.

That Austria was ever serious in the Munich propositions no one believed, but they were enough to prevent the success of Prussia, and accordingly the diet of Erfuhr had to meet without Saxony or Hanover, and *Hamlet* was played without the Prince of Denmark.

The next move was made, only the other day, by the Prince of Coburg-Gotha, who proposed a meeting of the German princes at Gotha, to which Prussia seemed well inclined; but Austria, having strangled Erfuhr, now hits a blow at Gotha. She assumes her former position as head of the German confederation, and calls together the Plenum to meet at Frankfort under her presidency. Prussia at once declares that she will have nothing to do with Frankfort; and, denying the right of Austria to the first place in Germany, takes up the Gotha scheme as her own, and summons the princes to meet at Berlin. And there they now are, feasting, dancing, boasting, and squabbling! Austria has thrown discord among the princes at Berlin; Prussia will do her best to create division among the confederates at Frankfort. Some of the Prussians are even beginning to talk large about the offer of the imperial crown to Frederic William, and his conditional refusal of it. They seem to hope that the offer may be renewed.

The last notable combination of German quidnuncs, however, touches us more nearly. The Thuringian princes (the Coburgs) are to club their states together, and form the conglomerate into one kingdom; by which means many princes will get rid of unruly subjects, whom they are too weak to keep in order, all the princes will gain the title of royal highness, (no trifle to a German,) and Prince Albert's second son will be crowned King of Thuringia! Doubtless the boy will turn out to have inherited too many grains of English common sense not to prefer remaining where he is.

And such are German politics! Now, that we are no friends to republicanism in its recent German developments, our readers very well know; but rather than be humbugged in this style, by a set of paltry, ambitious princes—rather than be made the puppets for such things to play with, we would prefer even a German republic, with all the long-winded speeches of German professors to listen to, and all the impracticability of German theories to flounder in. But there is one point in these contests of king and kaiser, which may have

more effect on England even than the succession to the crown of Thuringia; and that is the commercial changes they are likely to bring about. It will be remembered that Austria made a strong bid for popularity among the German manufacturers of the Zollverein, by offering to open the trade of the Danubian provinces to Germany, and at the same time to raise the import duties on foreign manufactures; and now Bavaria is already nibbling so strongly at the bait, that there is no doubt she will be hooked, and soon cease to be a member of the Prussian Customs' Union. To prevent further fallings off, therefore, and to recruit her forces, Prussia is about to propose a great reduction in the import duties on colonial products, particularly coffee and sugar; and an increased duty on manufactured goods, particularly cottons and woollens. By this means it is hoped to gain Hanover, Schwerin, and Oldenburg; perhaps even Holstein and the Hanse towns. Switzerland, too, appears to join the Prussian Customs' Union; and it is said that Herr Oechelhauser, who was sent for that purpose, has already made great advances towards an agreement between these two states.

This is a matter well worth our looking after; for English trade will receive a heavy blow should these measures be carried out, however well adapted they may be to counteract the influence of Austria, or increase that of Prussia.

From the Examiner, 18 May.

#### CATHOLIC CHURCH RAMPANT.

WHAT we predicted a fortnight ago has already come to pass. The excitement produced in every class of society in Austria by the return to the worst traditions of Austrian history is beyond description. The bishops themselves are frightened, and are publishing apologies and explanations to allay the fears of the suspicious. They have raised a storm, however, which they will not find it so easy a matter to still.

The Prince Archbishop of Vienna is the first in the field; but his address is so poor, that it were not worth noticing but for the singularly naïve consolation he offers his flock on the score of ecclesiastical punishments. "The infliction of the public and heavier punishments of the church," he says, "will not be left to the whim, passion, or zeal of particular priests, but will be entrusted to the bishops, 'whom the Holy Ghost hath appointed to rule over the church of God.' (Acts xx. 28.)" The quotation, if such a garbling of Scripture can be so called, is the archbishop's, not ours.

The Bohemians, who have hitherto been the most devoted children of the Catholic church, are up in arms, and it will be well if old recollections of Huss and Ziska do not again raise the flame of religious madness and religious war. The German papers already announce a stir in the Greek church. The bishops of the non-united Greek churches of Temesvár, Grosswardein, Hermann-

stadt, and Czernowitz, are about to demand of the ministry the same privileges as have been accorded to the Catholic bishops. They more particularly require that the patriarch shall be chosen independently by the synod, and therefore that the imperial patronage (in fact right of nomination) shall be given up.

The Saxons, devoted adherents of Austria, are still stout Protestants; and it is really pitiable to see the struggle between their loyalty and their fear of Catholic persecution. The latter feeling, however, seems to have got the mastery. They begin to doubt the word of their emperor, and declare it is impossible to contemplate the effects of this new measure in unhappy Transylvania without a shudder.

The best of it is, that when the measure was discussed in the cabinet, where it met with very great opposition from two of the ministers, (as it had already done from several of the bishops in the assembly,) it was principally carried by dint of the assurance that it would be received with the greatest enthusiasm in Hungary, Bohemia, Tyrol, and Styria. We leave our readers to guess how far such assurances were believed by those who urged them.

Nor were the demands we noticed in our former article on this subject, the last or the most dangerous of those urged by the Austrian bishops. More chains must be forged for poor Austria. She has dared to move her giant limbs; they must be bound down, weakened, crippled. Count Thun's remedy for revolution among the lower clergy is exceeded by his nostrum for curing all tendencies to freedom of thought in the minds of the Catholic youth. Education in Austria is to be entrusted to the same fostering episcopal care.

Freedom of instruction is one of the first principles of the charter of the 4th of March; and yet, in the name of that charter, the emperor now ordains that,

1. No one shall be appointed teacher of the Catholic religion in any public school without the permission of the bishop.

2. The bishop has the power to take away the permission—remove the teacher—when he pleases.

In like manner the theological pupils can only follow such classes as the bishop shall permit! Even the class-books are subject to his censure!

In the lower or people's schools, say the bishops, the religious education has hitherto been under the direction of the Catholic clergy; but for the future this must be extended to the middle and higher schools. Instead of one teacher named by the government, and exercising no influence in the general direction of the schools, the bishops are in future to have two in each gymnasium appointed by the bishops, mixing in the management of the school, and teaching in other branches also, to give them more influence and authority.

By means of these two agents and spies, the bishops no doubt calculate, and justly, on soon getting the whole direction into their own hands.

As an apt commentary on the spirit in which

these changes have been effected, we may mention that an exceedingly popular and liberal professor of theology, Sidon, has just been removed from his chair and deprived of his pension, because, according to a Bohemian journal, "in the Diet he sat somewhat more to the left than Bishop Przemysl, and ventured to speak in favor of emancipating education from the church, and granting greater freedom to the lower clergy." The Jesuits, too, who had been expelled from Austria for more than the last half century, have been readmitted, and are flocking back in shoals. We shall soon find them again at the head of the educational establishments.

The violation of the spirit and letter of the constitution of March, displayed in these concessions to the Catholic hierarchy, is greater even than would at first sight appear. The exceptional position of Austria at the present moment, and the impossibility of calling a Diet, has been some excuse, even with the greatest sticklers for constitutional forms, for the provisional publication of certain laws without which the state machine could not have moved. But even the most despotically inclined are startled by this total rupture of the bonds which subjected, in some degree, the church to the state; and especially by the indecent haste which has pressed it forward without the slightest plea of urgency. So weighty a matter would surely have kept, till the feeling of the people had been consulted and their consent obtained. Nor is this the worst aspect of the question. Other laws have been declared only *provisional*, and requiring confirmation by the Diet; this one is *absolute*; and should the Diet at any future period wish to reverse the decision and return to the laws and conditions under which the church has hitherto moved, it will not be found so easy a matter. The bishops are bound to obey the Pope; and, as the Pope enjoys the rights of an independent power, it can only be by his consent that matters can be replaced on their former footing, and the bishops again forced to subject themselves to the civil power.

It is true that every day brings some new promise of moderation, some new assurance of liberality, sent forth to calm the agitation of the public mind. One tells of a "new *Concordat* about to be granted." Another assures us of "equal liberty to all sects in the affairs of religion." A third promises "the establishment of the civil marriages," and the "unrestricted veto of the crown" in ecclesiastical appointments. But how likely it is that such concessions should be obtained from astute Rome, we leave those to guess who have studied the history of that church, and have marked the peculiar spirit of the present time.

From the Spectator, of 18 May.

INTERNATIONAL DISCORD, apparently laid in Greece last week by the so-called settlement, starts up in France under a sterner aspect, with an unsettlement that threatens formidable complications—if there be not some humbug mixed with

the really serious dissensions. For who can tell, with the mingled secrecy and levity of the English minister charged with the foreign affairs! The French ambassador has been recalled from London, and other foreign representatives are diplomatically "indisposed." The explanations attempted in our Parliament only make the matter more ugly, from their effort at disguise, and their direct falsification by the explanations in the French Assembly and the published documents. On Thursday, in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston averred that M. Drouin de Lhuys had been wanted in Paris only to furnish information; and in the other house, Lord Lansdowne endeavored to use such terms as would suggest that there had been no "recall," but that the alarm was exaggerated. Yesterday brought from Paris not only the report of General de la Hitte's speech in the Assembly, but the copy of his letter to M. Drouin de Lhuys; by which it appears that the French ambassador *has* been "recalled"—though some technical forms may be wanting to seal the measure; that he was recalled because the explanations of Lord Palmerston touching his conduct in the Greek affair were "not such as the French government had a right to expect;" and that the ambassador had been instructed to *read* this despatch to Lord Palmerston. Ministers were subjected to a severe cross-examination last night. Lord Brougham showed that Lord Lansdowne had either been deceived or had deceived; and the struggles of the venerable marquis to vindicate his own frankness without committing his colleague, were painful. It is not to be doubted that Lord Lansdowne had been kept in the dark. In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, less unwillingly, tried to fence with the evidence; but it was extorted from him, as from a brave accomplice on the rack, that Lord Palmerston *had* heard General de la Hitte's letter to M. Drouin de Lhuys, when he tried to make out that it was no recall, but a very slight affair, and rather convenient than otherwise.

Thus Lord Palmerston has so managed the Greek squabble as to cast an insulting slight upon France; that "fier" nation will not allow him to hush it up; and to its ministers the diversion from domestic broil is a windfall. Originally the affair was of the very paltriest nature; and the stamp of shabbiness is impressed on its newest shape. Lord Palmerston consented to enter upon an arrangement with M. Drouin de Lhuys in London, which was to override any that might be negotiated in Athens; the London arrangement is completed, and the French government sends off its instructions: so does Lord Palmerston send his; but they arrive *a day too late*. Mr. Wyse had acted under instructions tending to prevent delays. These ugly incidents befall Lord Palmerston too often.

Besides the absence of M. Drouin de Lhuys from London, it has been remarked that Baron Brunnow, the Russian minister, was absent from the circle at Lord Palmerston's official banquet on the queen's birthday—"Measles," say ministers.

But so was Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian minister—"Indisposition." But so was M. Marescalchi, now the French representative—"Not invited," plead ministers, "as he was only attaché of legation." "No," rejoins the pitiless Brougham, "he had been left as chargé d'affaires, and ought to have been invited." Alas, for ministers! "they know not what they are doing," in more senses than one: they "leave it to the department," and he loves embroglio; the which at last we have, to his heart's content.

The French government is said to be collecting its sailors, and making warlike preparations. There may be some of the suspected humbug in this, as the government probably desires to divert attention from an insurrectional movement, now understood to be imminent; and the demeanor of the left, silent while the right cheered, lends force to the probability. But France may be compelled to go on under the same motives. At all events, the aspect of affairs justifies apprehensions in less sensitive persons than the fundholders; for the marked fall of the funds both in Paris and London is a matter of course.

#### NOTES UPON NEWSPAPERS.

3 June, 1850.—"Ex-Governor Tazewell, of Virginia, has written a letter, in which he takes ground distinctly for disunion."

No man who may have been guilty of this crime and folly, will be respected ten years after his death. Governor Tazewell was, we think, one of the nullifiers—and he may have followed Mr. Calhoun, as he followed Mr. Jefferson. But the good "Old Dominion" has in it thousands of men who understand the doctrines, and walk in the paths, of Marshall and Washington;—and with them will go the state—east as well as west of the mountains.

So Mr. Clay will not vote for the admission of New Mexico as a state, even if his own plan should fail! Mr. Clay is a bad leader, and would never learn by experience. He broke up his own party, by a determination to put President Tyler down. He failed then, and we think he will fail now. Too much deference has been paid to his age, and to his professions of disinterested conciliation. Mr. Webster, and other sound minds, probably supposed that when he should have failed in his hodge-podge scheme, he would support what they had more confidence in. And this trust has led to the loss of much precious time. Immediately after Mr. Calhoun's speech, when the southern people disavowed the doctrine (then first unveiled by the revolutionists) that the constitution must be altered, or the south would break up the nation—then the question ought to have been taken on the admission of California. But the talking went on, and Texas makes her attack upon New Mexico. This is done to help Mr. Clay keep the peace! Perhaps it will not "enure" to his success.

By the bye, we should like to know who holds the scrip of Texas for her eight millions of debt, the market value of which we are told was about eight per cent. There must be some strong motive for uniting the question of how much money shall be paid to Texas, with the other question, so plain in itself, the admission of California. If we were in Congress, we should be unwilling to vote in favor of Mr. Clay's bill, because it would look as if *this money* permeated the whole mass. And why should a course of conduct be followed which will throw such a suspicion over public men?

Contrast Mr. Clay's plan, in this last point of view, with that of the president.

It did our hearts good to see the host of southern papers, which came out to support the noble demonstration of the National Intelligencer some weeks ago, and to show that "the South," which sent her members to Congress to *swear allegiance to the Constitution*, and do their work under it, had never authorized them to threaten rebellion against it in her name. Some of the editors of these papers may go back twenty or thirty years, and remember how earnestly the south struggled against Mr. Clay's "American System." In this they were not without efficient aid from the northern side of the line. Let them put a question to the excited people who insist upon Mr. Calhoun's *Equilibrium of Power*: "You say that the two or three hundred thousand men who have invested their capital in slaves, shall have equal power with all the other parts of the nation. What would you have said had the two or three hundred thousand men who have invested their capital in *manufactures*, made a claim, under a threat of rebellion, that they should have *half the Senate of the United States*?"

Mr. Calhoun was honest in thus bringing the real question clearly before the public. The south has had no other ground of complaint against the masses of the north, than this—the north grew faster. Where it is thus distinctly shown, by the highest authority, that the fault is not, as politicians have told the south, that their constitutional rights were invaded, but that the north held on to *their own constitutional rights*—all patriotic and sound-minded men, as soon as they dare face the demagogues and disunionists, will unite in defence of *their country*.

We have given at some length the dispute between England, France and Russia, about Greece. This may have serious consequences:—there may be some combination between Nicholas and Louis—or, even if it be a mere trick by the French ministry to operate upon elections in France, nobody can tell where it will end. One of the most important points in it for us, is, the proof of Lord Palmerston's rashness. We are in the habit of considering a war with England almost impossible:—yet if he do not hesitate at risking a war in Europe by coercing Greece, we can never be sure that he may not take some step with us, from which he may be unable to retreat.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages, and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4 cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

E. LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this, by its more extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS

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